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CYR-READERS
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BOOK
FIVE

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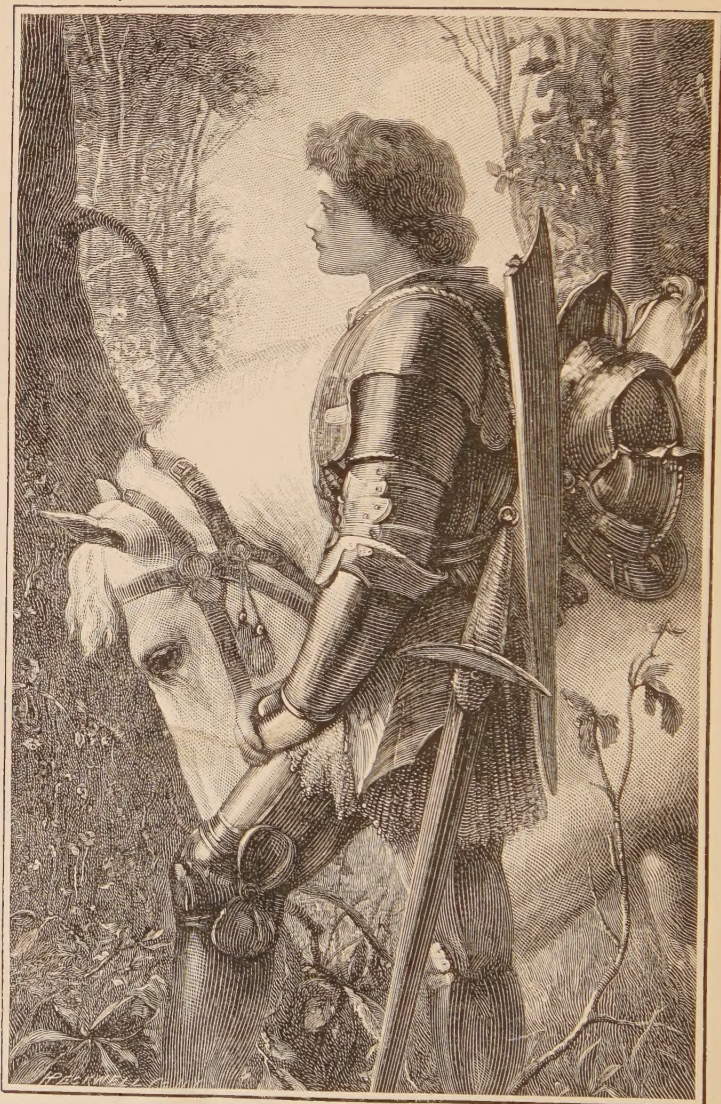


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THE
CYR READERS

ARRANGED BY GRADES

BY
ELLEN M. CYR

BOOK FIVE

BOSTON, U.S.A.
GINN & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS
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1901



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TO

Mrs. Sarah Howard Chatterton

WITH THE LOVE OF HER NIECE



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PREFACE.

As the boat which slips from its mooring drifts upon the shallow sands, so the child whose choice is not guided will select much which is of little value. During the hours spent in the schoolroom he reads what is set before him. The standard presented in his reading book must affect his choice of reading outside the school.

Our public schools are established by the government, primarily for the training for citizenship, and the writings of our great Americans, their lives and characters, should be given early prominence.

In order to cherish the true American spirit, speeches of some of our great statesmen and stories of loyalty and heroism have been introduced. There are tales of travel and adventure to broaden the mental horizon, and the imagination finds food for fancies in many of the prose selections as well as in the poems.

We now turn to the mother country and add to our lists Dickens, with his tender love, humor, and insight; George Eliot, with her depth of thought; and Tennyson, the great poet and philosopher.

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Harriet Prescott Spofford ; to Roberts Bros., for poems by Helen Hunt Jackson ; and to G. P. Putnam's Sons, for selections from Bayard Taylor.

Also to the following authors : Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz, Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, and Mrs. Elizabeth Phelps-Ward ; Mr. Victor Mapes.

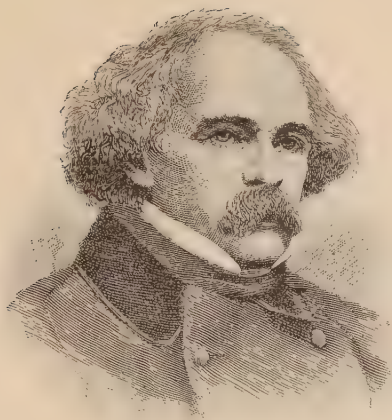
ELLEN M. CYR.

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THE CYR READERS

BOOK FIVE



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

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1. NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE was born July 4, 1804, in the quaint old town of Salem, Mass. His birthplace was near the sea, and the house is still standing. His father was a sea captain. He was a great reader, and spent the leisure on his voyages with his books. Hawthorne's mother was a beautiful woman with a sweet and pure nature.

Captain Hawthorne died when Nathaniel was but four years old, and his Grandfather Manning took the family to his home. There were uncles and aunts, and they were very fond of the golden-haired boy and his two sisters.

2. Nathaniel showed a fondness for reading when very young, and chose many of the best authors. When he was six years old his favorite book was Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress"; and whenever he went to visit his Grandmother Hawthorne, he used to take the large family copy to an armchair near the window and read it by the hour. His imagination was active, and he used to tell long stories of the strange adventures and wonderful things he was to have when he should be a man.

His uncle, Robert Manning, took charge of the future author's education, sending him to the best schools, and afterwards to college. When he was nine years old, he lamed his foot at a game of ball. It was slow in gaining strength, and he was obliged to use crutches.

During this time, his teacher, Mr. Joseph Worcester, the author of the dictionary, used to come to his house every evening to hear his lessons. He amused himself, while confined to the house, with publishing a little newspaper, which he printed with his own hand.

3. When Nathaniel was eight or nine years old his mother took her three children to Raymond, Me., on

the banks of Sebago Lake. Here the boy lived a free out-of-door life, and formed his habits of solitude. "I lived in Maine," he said, "like a bird of the air, so perfect was the freedom I enjoyed."

He would skate alone in the moonlight upon Sebago Lake, and often, when tired, would rest in some wood-cutter's cabin, warming himself by the huge fireplace. The deep silence and dark shadows of the pine forests along the lake shore must have filled his mind with strange pictures and weird fancies.

In the summer time, he would fish all day or go hunting, armed with an old fowling-piece. Those were delightful days; but by and by his mother decided that her boy must learn something more than he got from this wild life, and Nathaniel was sent back to Salem to prepare for college.

4. In 1821 he entered Bowdoin College. There he led a happy life, having among his college mates the poet Longfellow and Franklin Pierce, afterward President of the United States. It was while in college that he decided to become an author. He had written verses some years before, but they had not much merit.

After his graduation he returned to Salem. There he spent many hours in writing and taking long walks by himself. His thoughts and fancies were busy as he roamed about, and much of the beauty of his writings is due to these solitary rambles.

5. A lady, who was the Annie in "Little Annie's Ramble," in "Twice Told Tales," remembers Hawthorne when he returned from Bowdoin College.

She was a little girl and used to sit on his knee, listening to stories more wonderful and beautiful than any she had ever read in any of her fairy books.



NORTH BRIDGE, CONCORD BATTLEFIELD, NEAR
THE "OLD MANSE."

In 1837 Hawthorne published a number of his stories, under the title of "Twice Told Tales." This book attracted but little attention from the public, although his genius was recognized by some.

His old classmate, Mr. Longfellow, was much impressed by them and praised them

highly. Hawthorne, however, was so modest, sensitive, and retiring that he was unwilling to thrust himself forward, and published nothing more for a number of years. These two modest little volumes of sketches established Hawthorne's reputation as one of the most original authors of our time.

6. In 1842 he was married to Sophia Peabody, and

they went to Concord, where they lived in the "Old Manse," a famous homestead near the Concord battlefield. He and his wife were very happy in this quiet old farmhouse, enjoying together the rural life, and seeing only a few friends, among them Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Their days glided by as peacefully as the gentle Concord River, which flowed at the foot of the meadow behind the "Old Manse." Hawthorne could see this river from his study window, and said of it, —

"In the light of a calm and golden sunset it becomes lovely beyond expression; the more lovely for the quietude that so well accords with the hour, when even the wind, after blustering all day long, usually hushes itself to rest."

7. For four years Hawthorne made this his home. During this time he wrote the stories called "Mosses from an Old Manse," and it was here that his daughter Una was born. Two other children were born later, Julian, the well-known writer, and Rose. These children were very dear to their father. He cared for them lovingly, and told them wonderful stories.

The four years in Concord were followed by four years in Salem, where Hawthorne held a position in the Custom House. It was not a pleasant place, this dull old Custom House, but he filled his office most faithfully, using his spare moments for writing. When he lost the office, in

1849, he was discouraged, for he had no heart to try to sell his books.

8. Mr. James T. Fields, a well-known publisher and friend of Hawthorne's, went to see him at this time, and insisted on seeing what he had been writing. Hawthorne refused at first to show it to him, saying, "Who would



THE "OLD MANSE," CONCORD, MASS.

risk publishing a book for me, the most unpopular writer in America?" "I would," said Mr. Fields, and Hawthorne let him take the plan of the story called "The Scarlet Letter."

Mr. Fields read it on his way to Boston, wrote him a note all aglow with admiration, and returned to Salem the next day to arrange for its publication. "The Scarlet

Letter ” proved to be a book so full of power, feeling, and poetic spirit that it made the writer famous, and his fame increased steadily. His people are lifelike ; but an air of mystery broods over them and holds the reader spellbound.

9. Hawthorne removed during this year to Lenox, and lived in a little red cottage among the Berkshire Hills. There he and his family had a delightful home, enjoying the constant change on the lake and mountains, which could be seen from their windows. Here it was that he wrote “ The House of the Seven Gables.” This story is full of grace and beauty, and there is a charm about its quaint characters.

In 1853, President Pierce, Hawthorne’s old college friend, sent him to Liverpool, as American Consul. During his stay there, he received honor and attention from the best families in England. “ Our Old Home ” was written at this time.

10. In 1857, after his term of office as Consul was over, he went to Italy. He was charmed with the life there, and said he should carry the old villa with its moss-grown tower and “ clap it into a romance ” ; and it was there that he began “ The Marble Faun,” which was published both in England and in America.

Before going to England, Hawthorne had bought a house in Concord, which he called “ The Wayside.” He

and his family returned there in 1860. In this quiet spot Hawthorne spent the last four years of his life writing in the little tower room he had added to his house, that he might be by himself, and muse and think. At one side of his house lay a little hillside where he might walk, and in pleasant weather he could be found there.

Among his writings are a number of stories for children: "The Tanglewood Tales," "The Snow-Image," "The Wonder Book," and some stories of American history.

11. During the last years, Hawthorne's health began to fail, and he was unable to apply himself to his writing. In the month of May, 1864, he went away for a trip with his old friend President Pierce, and while at Plymouth, N. H., he fell into a deep sleep never to waken. He was carried to Concord, and is buried under a group of pines in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery.



GRAVE OF HAWTHORNE, SLEEPY HOLLOW CEMETERY.

APRIL.

By HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

Mrs. JACKSON, whose writings under the pseudonym of "H. H." are favorably known, was the daughter of Professor Fiske of Amherst College. She was born at Amherst, Mass., in 1831. At an early age she married an army officer who met with an accidental death during the war. Five years afterward she married Mr. Jackson and made her home in Colorado.



Mrs. Jackson wrote many volumes of both prose and verse, and several stories for children. She was deeply interested in the Indians, and in 1884 published a powerful novel in their behalf called "Ramona." Her poems are marked by spiritual truth and glow with the highest beauty. Mrs. Jackson died in California in 1885.

ROBINS call robins in tops of trees ;
 Doves follow doves with scarlet feet ;
 Frolicking babies, sweeter than these,
 Crowd green corners where highways meet.

Violets stir and arbutus wakes,
 Claytonia's rosy bells unfold ;
 Dandelion through the meadow makes
 A royal road, with seals of gold.

Golden and snowy and red the flowers,
Golden and snowy and red in vain;
Robins call robins through sad showers;
The white dove's feet are wet with rain.

For April sobs while these are so glad,
April weeps while these are so gay,—
Weeps like a tired child who had,
Playing with flowers, lost its way.

THE SNOW-IMAGE:

A CHILDISH MIRACLE.

(Abridged.)

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

PART I.

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1. ONE afternoon of a cold winter's day, when the sun shone forth with chilly brightness after a long storm, two children asked leave of their mother to run out and play in the new-fallen snow. The elder child was a little girl, whom, because she was of a tender and modest disposition, and was thought to be very beautiful, her

parents, and other people who were familiar with her, used to call Violet. But her brother was known by the style and title of Peony, on account of the ruddiness of his broad and round little phiz, which made everybody think of sunshine and great scarlet flowers. . . .

“Yes, Violet,—yes, my little Peony,” said their kind mother; “you may go out and play in the new snow.”

2. Forth sallied the two children, with a hop-skip-and-jump that carried them at once into the very heart of a huge snowdrift, whence Violet emerged like a snow bunting, while little Peony floundered out with his round face in full bloom. Then what a merry time had they!

To look at them, frolicking in the wintry garden, you would have thought that the dark and pitiless storm had been sent for no other purpose but to provide a new plaything for Violet and Peony; and that they themselves had been created, as the snowbirds were, to take delight only in the tempest, and in the white mantle which it spread over the earth.

3. At last, when they had frosted one another all over with handfuls of snow, Violet, after laughing heartily at little Peony’s figure, was struck with a new idea.

“You look exactly like a snow-image, Peony,” said she, “if your cheeks were not so red. And that puts me in mind! Let us make an image out of snow,—an image of a little girl,—and it shall be our sister, and

shall run about and play with us all winter long. Won't it be nice?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Peony, as plainly as he could speak, for he was but a little boy. "That will be nice! And mamma shall see it!"

"Yes," answered Violet; "mamma shall see the new little girl. But she must not make her come into the warm parlor; for, you know, our little snow sister will not love the warmth."

4. And forthwith the children began this great business of making a snow-image that should run about; while their mother, who was sitting at the window and overheard some of their talk, could not help smiling at the gravity with which they set about it. They really seemed to imagine that there would be no difficulty whatever in creating a live little girl out of the snow. . . .

Now, for a few moments, there was a busy and earnest but indistinct hum of the two children's voices, as Violet and Peony wrought together with one happy consent. Violet still seemed to be the guiding spirit, while Peony acted rather as a laborer, and brought her the snow from far and near.

5. "Peony, Peony!" cried Violet; for her brother was at the other side of the garden. "Bring me those light wreaths of snow that have rested on the lower branches of the pear-tree. You can clamber on the snowdrift,

Peony, and reach them easily. I must have them to make some ringlets for our snow sister's head!"

"Here they are, Violet!" answered the little boy. "Take care you do not break them. Well done! Well done! How pretty!"

"Does she not look sweetly?" said Violet, with a very satisfied tone; "and now we must have some little shining bits of ice to make the brightness of her eyes. She is not finished yet. Mamma will see how very beautiful she is; but papa will say, 'Tush! nonsense! — come in out of the cold!'"

6. There was a minute or two of silence; for Peony, whose short legs were never weary, had gone on a pilgrimage again to the other side of the garden. All of a sudden Violet cried out, loudly and joyfully, —

"Look here, Peony! Come quickly! A light has been shining on her cheek out of that rose-colored cloud, and the color does not go away! Is not that beautiful?"

"Yes; it is beau-ti-ful," answered Peony. "O Violet, only look at her hair! It is all like gold!"

"Oh, certainly," said Violet, as if it were very much a matter of course. "That color, you know, comes from the golden clouds that we see up there in the sky. She is almost finished now. But her lips must be made very red, — redder than her cheeks. Perhaps, Peony, it will make them red if we both kiss them!"

7. Accordingly, the mother heard two smart little smacks, as if both her children were kissing the snow-image on its frozen mouth. But, as this did not seem to make the lips quite red enough, Violet next proposed that the snow-child should be invited to kiss Peony's scarlet cheek.

“Oh, what a cold kiss!” cried Peony.

8. Just then there came a breeze of the pure west wind, sweeping through the garden and rattling the parlor windows. It sounded so wintry cold that the mother was about to tap on the window pane with her thimbled finger, to summon the two children in, when they both cried out to her with one voice, —

“Mamma! mamma! We have finished our little snow sister, and she is running about the garden with us!”

“Dear mamma!” cried Violet, “pray look out and see what a sweet playmate we have!”

9. The mother, being thus entreated, could no longer delay to look forth from the window. And what do you think she saw there? Violet and Peony, of course, her own two darling children. Ah, but whom or what did she see besides? Why, if you will believe me, there was a small figure of a girl, dressed all in white, with rose-tinged cheeks and ringlets of golden hue, playing about the garden with the two children!

The child seemed to be on as familiar terms with Violet

and Peony, and they with her, as if all the three had been playmates during the whole of their little lives. The mother thought to herself that it must certainly be the daughter of one of the neighbors, and that, seeing Violet and Peony in the garden, the child had run across the street to play with them. So this kind lady went to the door, intending to invite the little runaway into her comfortable parlor ; for, now that the sunshine was withdrawn, the atmosphere out of doors was already growing very cold.

10. But, after opening the house door, she stood an instant on the threshold, wondering how a little girl could look so much like a flying snowdrift, or how a snowdrift could look so very like a little girl.

She called Violet, and whispered to her.

“ Violet, my darling, what is this child’s name ? ” asked she. “ Does she live near us ? ”

“ Why, dearest mamma,” answered Violet, “ this is our little snow sister, whom we have just been making ! ”

“ Yes, dear mamma,” cried Peony, running to his mother, and looking up simply into her face. “ This is our snow-image ! Is it not a nice little child ? ”



THE SNOW-IMAGE.

PART II.

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1. AT this instant a flock of snowbirds came flitting through the air. As was very natural, they avoided Violet and Peony. But,—and this looked strange,—they flew at once to the white-robed child, fluttered eagerly about her head, alighted on her shoulders, and seemed to claim her as an old acquaintance.

She, on her part, was evidently as glad to see these little birds, old Winter's grandchildren, as they were to see her, and welcomed them by holding out both her hands. Hereupon they each and all tried to alight on her two palms and ten small fingers and thumbs, crowding one another off, with an immense fluttering of their tiny wings. One dear little bird nestled tenderly in her bosom; another put its bill to her lips. They were as joyous, all the while, and seemed as much in their element as you may have seen them when sporting with a snow-storm.

2. "Violet," said her mother, greatly perplexed, "tell me the truth, without any jest. Who is this little girl?"

“My darling mamma,” answered Violet, looking seriously into her mother’s face, and apparently surprised that she should need any further explanation, “I have told you truly who she is. It is our little snow-image, which Peony and I have been making. Peony will tell you so, as well as I.”

“Yes, mamma,” asseverated Peony, with much gravity in his crimson little phiz ; “this is little snow-child. Is not she a nice one ? But, mamma, her hand is, oh, so very cold !”

3. While mamma still hesitated what to think and what to do, the street gate was thrown open, and the father of Violet and Peony appeared, wrapped in a pilot-cloth sack, with a fur cap drawn down over his ears and the thickest of gloves upon his hands. He soon perceived the little white stranger, sporting to and fro in the garden, like a dancing snow-wreath, and the flock of snow-birds fluttering about her head.

“Pray, what little girl may that be ?” inquired this very sensible man. “Surely her mother must be crazy to let her go out in such bitter weather as it has been to-day, with only that flimsy white gown and those thin slippers !”

“Dear father,” cried Violet, putting herself before him. “This is our little snow girl, and she cannot live any longer than while she breathes the cold west wind. Do not make her come into the hot room !”

4. But now kind Mr. Lindsey had entered the garden, breaking away from his two children, who still sent their shrill voices after him, beseeching him to let the snow-child stay and enjoy herself in the cold west wind. As he approached, the snowbirds took to flight. The little white damsel also fled backward, shaking her head, as if to say, “Pray, do not touch me!” and roguishly as it appeared, leading him through the deepest of the snow. Once the good man stumbled and floundered down upon his face, so that, gathering himself up again, with the snow sticking to his rough pilot-cloth sack, he looked as white and wintry as a snow-image of the largest size.

5. At length, after a vast deal of trouble, he chased the little stranger into a corner, where she could not possibly escape him. His wife had been looking on, and, it being nearly twilight, was wonder-struck to observe how the snow-child gleamed and sparkled, and how she seemed to shed a glow all round about her; and when driven into the corner, she positively glistened like a star!

It was a frosty kind of brightness, too, like that of an icicle in the moonlight. The wife thought it strange that good Mr. Lindsey should see nothing remarkable in the snow-child’s appearance.

6. “Come, you odd little thing!” cried the honest man, seizing her by the hand, “I have caught you at last. and will make you comfortable in spite of yourself. We

will put a nice warm pair of worsted stockings on your frozen little feet, and you shall have a good thick shawl to wrap yourself in. Your poor white nose, I am afraid, is actually frost-bitten. But we will make it all right. Come along in."

7. And so, with a most benevolent smile, this very well-meaning gentleman took the snow-child by the hand and led her towards the house. She followed him, droopingly and reluctant, for all the glow and sparkle was gone out of her figure; and whereas just before she had resembled a bright, frosty, star-gemmed evening, with a crimson gleam on the cold horizon, she now looked as dull and languid as a thaw. As kind Mr. Lindsey led her up the steps to the door, Violet and Peony looked into his face, their eyes full of tears, and again entreated him not to bring their snow-image into the house.

8. "Not bring her in!" exclaimed the kind-hearted man. "Why, you are crazy, my little Violet! — quite crazy, my small Peony! She is so cold already that her hand has almost frozen mine, in spite of my thick gloves. Would you have her freeze to death?"

His wife, as he came up the steps, had been taking another long, earnest gaze at the little white stranger. She hardly knew whether it was a dream or no; but she could not help fancying that she saw the delicate print of Violet's fingers on the child's neck. It looked just as if,

while Violet was shaping out the image, she had given it a gentle pat with her hand, and had neglected to smooth the impression quite away.

“After all, husband,” said the mother, — “after all, she does look strangely like a snow-image! I do believe she is made of snow!”

9. A puff of the west wind blew against the snow-child, and again she sparkled like a star.

“Snow!” repeated good Mr. Lindsey, drawing the reluctant guest over his hospitable threshold. “No wonder she looks like snow. She is half frozen, poor little thing! But a good fire will put everything to rights.”

The common-sensible man placed the snow-child on the hearth rug, right in front of the hissing and fuming stove.

“Now she will be comfortable!” cried Mr. Lindsey, rubbing his hands and looking about him, with the pleasantest smile you ever saw. “Make yourself at home, my child.”

10. Sad, sad, and drooping looked the little white maiden, as she stood on the hearth rug, with the hot blast of the stove striking through her. Once she threw a glance wistfully toward the windows, and caught a glimpse, through its red curtains, of the snow-covered roofs and the stars glimmering frostily, and all the delicious intensity of the cold night. The bleak wind rattled

the window panes, as if it were summoning her to come forth. But there stood the snow-child, drooping, before the hot stove!

But the common-sensible man saw nothing amiss.

11. "Come, wife," said he, "let her have a pair of thick stockings and a woollen shawl or blanket directly; and tell Dora to give her some warm supper as soon as the milk boils. You, Violet and Peony, amuse your little friend. She is out of spirits, you see, at finding herself in a strange place. For my part, I will go around among the neighbors and find out where she belongs."

"Husband! husband!" cried his wife, showing her horror-stricken face through the window panes. "There is no need of going for the child's parents!"

"We told you so, father!" screamed Violet and Peony, as he re-entered the parlor. "You would bring her in; and now our poor — dear — beau-ti-ful little snow sister is thawed!"

12. And their own sweet little faces were already dissolved in tears; so that their father, seeing what strange things occasionally happen in this everyday world, felt not a little anxious lest his children might be going to thaw too! In the utmost perplexity, he demanded an explanation of his wife.

She could only reply that, being summoned to the parlor by the cries of Violet and Peony, she found no trace of

the little white maiden, unless it were the remains of a heap of snow, which, while she was gazing at it, melted quite away upon the hearth rug.

13. "And there you see all that is left of it!" added she, pointing to a pool of water in front of the stove.

"Yes, father," said Violet, looking reproachfully at him, through her tears, "there is all that is left of our dear little snow sister!"

And the Heidenberg stove, through the isinglass of its door, seemed to glare at good Mr. Lindsey, like a red-eyed demon, triumphing in the mischief which it had done!

A BRAVE BOY.

By THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

From "Two Little Confederates." Copyright, 1888, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE, a descendant of General Nelson, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was born at Oakland, Va., in 1853. The land on which the home of his boyhood stood had been granted to General Nelson by King George of England. The house was situated at the meeting of two roads that lead to Richmond. During the war these roads were the highways of two armies.

The boy was taught at home by his aunt and father. He had a remarkable memory and was very quick at figures.

He and his brothers played about his father's plantation. They liked to spend their evenings in the log cabins, listening to the

weird tales told by the colored people, while the burning pine knot made strange shadows on the cabin walls.

When the war broke out, the army of North Virginia camped for two winters near the plantation. The boys saw a great deal of camp life, and listened to war stories without end.



In 1868 the future author went to Washington College, and while there wrote for the college paper. He afterwards taught school, and then studied law at the University of Virginia, where he was graduated with honor at the end of one year.

The many tales heard in his boyhood and the pictures of plantation life began to weave themselves into stories. It was some time before he was able to find a publisher; but his talent was finally recognized, and now his tales of the South are very popular. Whether drawn from the mansion house or the cabin, they are filled with humor, pathos, and feeling.

MR. PAGE'S "Two Little Confederates," from which the following selection has been taken, is a story of the war, full of stirring incidents. Frank and Willie were the "Two Little Confederates." They had an older brother in the Confederate Army, and he and his General were hiding in a cave while the Union soldiers were hunting for them. The two boys had been to carry some food to them.

dě scěnd'ant
 ǐn dē pënd'ence
 ă pǒl'ô gÿ
 pǎr'ă lÿzed

chěv'ròn
 mÿs tache'
 cǒr'pǒ ral
 rē ăp pēared'

1. AFTER crossing the gully and walking on through the woods for what they thought a safe distance, they turned into the path. They were talking very merrily about the General and Hugh and their friend Mills, and were discussing some romantic plan for the recapture of their horses from the enemy, when they came out of the path into a road, and found themselves within twenty yards of a group of Federal soldiers, quietly sitting on their horses, evidently guarding the road.

2. The sight of the blue coats made the boys jump. They would have crept back, but it was too late — they caught the eye of the man nearest them. They ceased talking as suddenly as birds in the tree stop chirping when the hawk sails over; and when one Yankee called to them, in a stern tone, “Halt there!” and started to come toward them, their hearts were in their mouths.

“Where are you boys going?” he asked, as he came up to them.

“Going home.”

“Where do you belong?”

“Over there — at Oakland,” pointing in the direction of their home, which seemed suddenly to have moved a thousand miles away.

“Where have you been?” The other soldiers had come up now.

“Been down this way.” The boys’ voices were never so meek before. Each reply was like an apology.

3. “Been to see your brother?” asked one who had not spoken before — a pleasant-looking fellow. The boys looked at him. They were paralyzed by dread of the approaching question.

“Now, boys, we know where you have been,” said a small fellow, who wore a yellow chevron on his arm. He had a thin mustache and a sharp nose, and rode a wiry, dull, sorrel horse. “You may just as well tell us all about it. We know you’ve been to see ’em, and we are going to make you carry us where they are.”

“No, we ain’t,” said Frank, doggedly.

Willy expressed his determination also.

4. “If you don’t, it’s going to be pretty bad for you,” said the little corporal. He gave an order to two of the men, who sprang from their horses, and, catching Frank, swung him up behind another cavalryman. The boy’s face was very pale, but he bit his lip.

“Go ahead,” continued the corporal to a number of his men, who started down the path. “You four men remain here till we come back,” he said to the men on the ground, and to two others on horseback. “Keep him here,” jerking his thumb towards Willy, whose face was already burning with emotion.

5. “I’m going with Frank,” said Willy. “Let me go.”

This to the man who had hold of him by the arm. "Frank, make him let me go," he shouted, bursting into tears, and turning on his captor with all his little might. !

"Willy, he's not goin' to hurt you, — don't you tell!" called Frank, squirming until he dug his heels so into the horse's flank that the horse began to kick up.

"Keep quiet, Johnny; he's not goin' to hurt him," said one of the men, kindly. He had a brown beard and shining white teeth.

6. They rode slowly down the narrow path, the dragoon holding Frank by the leg. Deep down in the woods, beyond a small branch, the path forked.

"Which way?" asked the corporal, stopping, and addressing Frank.

Frank set his mouth tight and looked him in the eyes.

"Which is it?" the corporal repeated.

"I'm not going to tell," said he, firmly.

"Look here, Johnny; we've got you, and we are going to make you tell us; so you might just as well do it easy. If you don't, we're goin' to make you."

The boy said nothing.

7. "You men dismount. Stubbs, hold the horses." He himself dismounted, and three others did the same, giving their horses to a fourth.

"Get down!" — this to Frank and the soldier behind whom he was riding. The soldier dismounted, and the

boy slipped off after him and faced his captor, who held a strap in one hand.

“Are you goin’ to tell us?” he asked.

“No.”

“Don’t you know?” He came a step nearer and held the strap forward. There was a long silence. The boy’s



FRANK FACES HIS CAPTOR.

face paled, but took on a look as if the proceedings were indifferent to him.

8. “If you say you don’t know —” said the man, hesitating in face of the boy’s resolution. “Don’t you know where they are?”

“Yes, I know; but I ain’t goin’ to tell you,” said Frank, bursting into tears.

“The little Johnny’s game,” said the soldier who had told him the others were not going to hurt Willy. The corporal said something to this man in an undertone, to which he replied :

“You can try, but it isn’t going to do any good. I don’t half like it, anyway.”

Frank had stopped crying after his first outburst.

“If you don’t tell, we are going to shoot you,” said the little soldier, drawing his pistol.

9. The boy shut his mouth close and looked straight at the corporal. The man laid down his pistol, and, seizing Frank, drew his hands behind him and tied them.

“Get ready, men,” he said, as he drew the boy aside to a small tree, putting him with his back to it.

Frank thought his hour had come. He thought of his mother and Willy, and wondered if the soldiers would shoot Willy, too. His face twitched and grew ghastly white. Then he thought of his father, and of how proud he would be of his son’s bravery when he should hear of it. This gave him strength.

“The knot — hurts my hands,” he said.

The man leaned over and eased it a little.

“I was n’t crying because I was scared,” said Frank.

“Now, boys, get ready,” said the corporal, taking up his pistol.

10. How large it looked to Frank. He wondered where the bullets would hit him, and if the wounds would bleed, and whether he would be left alone all night out there in the woods.

“I want to say my prayers,” he said, faintly.

The soldier made some reply which he could not hear, and the man with the beard started forward; but just then all grew dark before his eyes.

Next, he thought he must have been shot, for he felt wet about his face, and was lying down. He heard some one say, “He’s coming to”; and another replied, “Thank God!”

11. He opened his eyes. He was lying beside the little branch with his head in the lap of the big soldier with the beard, and the little corporal was leaning over him throwing water in his face from a cap. The others were standing around.

“What’s the matter?” asked Frank.

“That’s all right,” said the little corporal, kindly. “We were just a-foolin’ a bit with you, Johnny.”

“We never meant to hurt you,” said the other. “You feel better now?”

“Yes; where’s Willy?” He was too tired to move.

“He’s all right. We’ll take you to him.”

“Am I shot?” asked Frank.

“No! Do you think we’d have touched a hair of your head—and you such a brave little fellow? We were

just trying to scare you a bit and carried it too far, and you got a little faint, — that 's all."

12. The voice was so kind that Frank was encouraged to sit up.

"Can you walk now?" asked the corporal, helping him and steadying him as he rose to his feet.

"I'll take him," said the big fellow, and before the boy could move, he had stooped, taken Frank in his arms, and was carrying him back toward the place where they had left Willy, while the others followed after with the horses.

"I can walk," said Frank.

"No, I'll carry you."

13. The boy did not know that the big dragoon was looking down at the light hair resting on his arm, and that while he trod the Virginia wood-path, in fancy he was home in Delaware; or that the pressure the boy felt from his strong arms was a caress given for the sake of another boy far away on the Brandywine. A little while before they came in sight, Frank asked to be put down.

The soldier gently set him on his feet, and before he let him go, kissed him.

"I've got a curly-headed fellow at home, just the size of you," he said softly.

Frank saw that his eyes were moist. "I hope you'll get safe back to him," he said.

"God grant it!" said the soldier.

14. When they reached the squad at the gate, they found Willy still in much distress on Frank's account; but he wiped his eyes when his brother reappeared, and listened with pride to the soldiers' praise of Frank's "grit," as they called it. When they let the boys go, the little corporal wished Frank to accept a five-dollar gold piece; but he politely declined it.

THE LITTLE POST-BOY.

(Abridged.)

By BAYARD TAYLOR.

BAYARD TAYLOR, who wrote the story of "The Little Post-Boy,"

was a great traveler and writer. His early home was at Kennett Square, Penn. His earliest desire was to go forth to see the world. He writes, —

"In looking back to my childhood, I can recall the intensest desire to climb upward and take in a far wider sweep of vision. I envied every bird that sat swinging upon the topmost bough of the great cherry tree; and to rise in a balloon was a bliss which I would almost give my life to enjoy.

"Looking out of my window, on a bright May morning, I discovered a row of slats which had been nailed over the shingles, and



had not been removed. Here was a chance to reach the comb of the steep roof and take my first look abroad into the world. I ventured out and was soon seated outside the sharp ridge. Unknown forests, new fields, and houses appeared to my triumphant view. The prospect, though it did not extend more than four miles in any direction, was boundless.

"Away in the northeast, glimmering through the trees, was a white object, probably the front of a distant barn; but I shouted to the astonished servant girl, who had just discovered me from the garden below, 'I see the falls of Niagara!'"

Bayard had read all the books in the little library of his village before he was twelve years old, and had several books of his own, bought with money which he had earned selling nuts. Books of travel and poetry were his favorites, and he felt sure he should sometime visit the lands of which he read.

He began writing when very young, but did nothing with his writings until he was about seventeen, when he went to assist a printer, who published a village paper. His work there left him time for reading and writing poems, which were printed in the newspapers.

His first book was a little volume of poems, published when he was nineteen. Soon after he went abroad and spent two years traveling about on foot. On his return, he wrote "Views Afoot," which made him well known.

The greater part of his life was spent in traveling and writing.

pär tŭ'ĩ pā tēd	ĩn çēs'sant lý
ĩn fōr mǎ'tion (shŭn)	çĩr cŭ lǎ'tion (shŭn)
thēr mōm'ē ter	ěx haust'ēd
au rō'rǎ	ěx'trĩ cāte

1. IN my travels about the world, I have made the acquaintance of a great many children, and I might tell

you many things about their dress, their speech, and their habits of life, in the different countries I have visited. I presume, however, that you would rather hear me relate some of my adventures in which children participated, so that the story and the information shall be given together.

This one shall be the story of my adventure with a little post-boy, in the northern part of Sweden. Very few foreigners travel in Sweden in the winter, on account of the intense cold.

2. I made my journey in the winter because I was on my way to Lapland, where it is easier to travel when the swamps and rivers are frozen, and the reindeer sleds can fly along over the smooth snow. It was very cold indeed, the greater part of the time; the days were short and dark, and if I had not found the people so kind, so cheerful, and so honest, I should have felt inclined to turn back more than once.

But I do not think there are better people in the world than those who live in Norrland, which is a Swedish province, commencing about two hundred miles north of Stockholm.

They are a tall, strong race, with yellow hair and bright blue eyes, and the handsomest teeth I ever saw. They live plainly, but very comfortably, in snug wooden houses, with double windows and doors to keep out the cold.

Here there are neither railroads nor stages, but the government has established post-stations at distances varying from ten to twenty miles. At each station a number of horses are kept, but generally the traveler has his own sled, and simply hires the horses from one station to another.

3. I had my own little sled, filled with hay and covered with reindeer skins to keep me warm. So long as the weather was not too cold, it was very pleasant to speed along through the dark forests, over the frozen rivers, or past farm after farm in the sheltered valleys, up hill and down, until long after the stars came out, and then get a warm supper in some dark-red post cottage, while the cheerful people sang or told stories around the fire.

At first the thermometer fell to zero; then it went down ten degrees below; then twenty, and finally thirty. Being dressed in thick furs from head to foot, I did not suffer greatly; but I was very glad when the people assured me that such extreme cold never lasted more than two or three days.

Boys of twelve or fourteen very often went with me to bring back their fathers' horses, and so long as those lively, red-cheeked fellows could face the weather, it would not do for me to be afraid.

4. One night there was a wonderful aurora in the sky.

The streamers of red and blue light darted hither and thither, chasing each other up to the zenith and down again to the northern horizon, with a rapidity and a brilliance which I had never seen before. "There will be a storm soon," said my post-boy; "one always comes after these lights."

Next morning the sky was overcast, and the short day was as dark as our twilight. But it was not quite so cold, and I traveled onward as fast as possible. There was a long tract of wild and thinly settled country before me, and I wished to get through it before stopping for the night. At seven o'clock in the evening I had still one more station of three Swedish miles before reaching the village where I intended to spend the night. Now, a Swedish mile is nearly equal to seven English, so that this station was at least twenty miles long.

5. I decided to take supper while the horse was eating his feed. They had not expected any more travelers at the station and were not prepared. The keeper had gone on with two lumber merchants: but his wife — a friendly, rosy-faced woman — prepared me some excellent coffee, potatoes, and stewed reindeer meat, upon which I made an excellent meal.

I did not feel inclined to go forth into the wintry storm, but, having set my mind on reaching the village that night, I was loath to turn back.

“It is a bad night,” said the woman, “and my husband will certainly stay at Umea until morning. Lars will take you, and they can come back together.”

“Who is Lars?” I asked.

“My son,” said she. “He is getting the horse ready. There is nobody else about the house to-night.”

6. Just then the door opened, and in came Lars. He was about twelve years old; but his face was so rosy, his eyes so clear and round and blue, and his golden hair was blown back from his face in such silky curls, that he appeared to be even younger. I was surprised that his mother should be willing to send him twenty miles through the dark woods on such a night.

“Come here, Lars,” I said. Then I took him by the hand, and asked, “Are you not afraid to go so far to-night?”

He looked at me with wondering eyes and smiled; and his mother made haste to say: “You need have no fear, sir. Lars is young; but he’ll take you safe enough. If the storm don’t get worse, you’ll be at Umea by eleven o’clock.”

7. While I was deliberating with myself the boy had put on his overcoat of sheepskin, tied the lappets of his fur cap under his chin, and a thick woollen scarf around his nose and mouth, so that only the round blue eyes were visible; and then his mother took down the mittens

of hare's fur from the stove, where they had been hung to dry. He put them on, took a short leather whip, and was ready.

I wrapped myself in my furs, and we went out together. The driving snow cut me in the face like needles, but Lars did not mind it in the least. He jumped into the sled, which he had filled with fresh, soft hay, tucked in the reindeer skins at the sides, and we cuddled together on the narrow seat, making everything close and warm before we set out. I could not see at all.

8. The night was dark, the snow blew incessantly, and the dark fir-trees roared all around us. Lars, however, knew the way, and somehow or other we kept the beaten track. He talked to the horse so constantly and so cheerfully that after awhile my own spirits began to rise, and the way seemed neither so long nor so disagreeable.

“Ho there, Axel!” he would say. “Keep the road, — not too far to the left. Well done. Here's a level: now trot a bit.”

So we went on, — sometimes up hill, sometimes down hill, — for a long time, as it seemed. I began to grow chilly, and even Lars handed me the reins, while he swung and beat his arms to keep the blood in circulation. He no longer sang little songs and fragments of hymns, as when we first set out; but he was not in the least alarmed

or even impatient. Whenever I asked (as I did about every five minutes), "Are we nearly there?" he always answered, "A little farther."

9. Suddenly the wind seemed to increase.

"Ah," said he, "now I know where we are: it's one mile more." But one mile, you must remember, meant *seven*.

Lars checked the horse and peered anxiously from side to side in the darkness. I looked also, but could see nothing.

"What is the matter?" I finally asked.

"We have got past the hills on the left," he said. "The country is open to the wind, and here the snow drifts worse than anywhere else on the road. If there have been no ploughs out to-night we'll have trouble."

10. In less than a quarter of an hour we could see that the horse was sinking in the deep snow. He plunged bravely forward, but made scarcely any headway, and presently became so exhausted that he stood quite still. Lars and I arose from the seat and looked around. For my part, I saw nothing except some very indistinct shapes of trees; there was no sign of an opening through them. In a few minutes the horse started again, and with great labor carried us a few yards farther.

"Shall we get out and try to find the road?" said I.

"It's no use," Lars answered. "In these new drifts

we would sink to the waist. Wait a little and we shall get through this one."

11. It was as he said. Another pull brought us through the deep part of the drift, and we reached a place where the snow was quite shallow. But it was not the hard, smooth surface of the road: we could feel that the ground was uneven and covered with roots and bushes.



SEEKING REFUGE FROM THE STORM.

Bidding Axel stand still, Lars jumped out of the sled and began wading around among the trees. Then I got out on the other side, but had not proceeded ten steps before I began to sink so deeply into the loose snow that I was glad to extricate myself and return. It was a desperate situation, and I wondered how we should ever get out of it.

12. I shouted to Lars, in order to guide him, and it was not long before he also came back to the sled. "If I knew where the road is," said he, "I could get into it again. But I don't know; and I think we must stay here all night."

"We shall freeze to death in an hour!" I cried. I was already chilled to the bone. The wind had made me very drowsy, and I knew that if I slept I should soon be frozen.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Lars, cheerfully. "I am a Norrlander, and Norrlanders never freeze. I went with the men to the bear hunt last winter up on the mountains, and we were several nights in the snow. Besides, I know what my father did with a gentleman from Stockholm on this very road, and we'll do it to-night."

"What was it?"

"Let me take care of Axel first," said Lars. "We can spare him some hay and one reindeer skin."

13. It was a slow task to unharness the horse, but we did it at last. Lars then led him under a fir-tree, and tied him to a branch, gave him some hay, and fastened the reindeer skin upon his back.

When this was done, Lars spread the remaining hay evenly over the bottom of the sled and covered it with the skins, which he tucked in very firmly on the side

towards the wind. Then, lifting them on the other side, he said: "Now take off your fur coat, quick, lay it over the hay and then creep under it."

14. I obeyed as rapidly as possible. For an instant I shuddered in the icy air; but the next moment I lay stretched in the bottom of the sled, sheltered from the storm. I held up the ends of the reindeer skins while Lars took off his coat and crept in beside me. Then we drew the skins down and pressed the hay against them.

When the wind seemed to be entirely excluded, Lars said we must pull off our boots, untie our scarfs, and so loosen our clothes that they would not feel tight upon any part of the body. When this was done, and we lay close together, warming each other, I found that the chill gradually passed out of my blood.

15. A delightful feeling of comfort crept over me, and I lay as snugly as in the best bed. I was surprised to find that, although my head was covered, I did not feel stifled. Enough air came in under the skins to prevent us from feeling oppressed.

There was barely room for the two of us to lie, with no chance of turning over or rolling about. In five minutes, I think, we were asleep, and I dreamed of gathering peaches on a warm August day at home. In fact, I did not wake up thoroughly during the night; neither did

Lars, though it seemed to me that we both talked in our sleep.

Just as I was beginning to feel a little cramped and stiff from lying so still, I was suddenly aroused by the cold wind on my face. Lars had risen upon his elbow and was peeping out from under the skins.

16. "I think it must be near six o'clock," he said. "The sky is clear, and I can see the big star. We can start in another hour."

I felt so much refreshed that I was for setting out immediately ; but Lars remarked, very sensibly, that it was not yet possible to find the road. While we were talking, Axel neighed.

"There they are !" cried Lars, and immediately began to put on his boots, his scarf, and heavy coat. I did the same, and by the time we were ready we heard shouts and the crack of whips. We harnessed Axel to the sled, and proceeded slowly in the direction of the sounds, which came, as we presently saw, from a company of farmers, out thus early to plough the road.

After they had passed, we sped along merrily in the cold, morning twilight, and in little more than an hour reached the post-house.

THE WIND AND THE MOON.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

A most original and interesting writer is George MacDonald, who was born in 1824, in a little town in Scotland, some thirty miles or more above Aberdeen. He received a university education and entered the ministry. Like all Scotchmen, he dearly loves his native land, and during all of his life has been a deep student of Scottish life and scenery.



Years ago Mr. MacDonald was obliged to give up regular preaching on account of his health. He began to describe the Scottish life and scenery which were so dear and familiar to him. He has written some powerful novels, rich in thought, as well as a great number of stories and poems for young people.

His fairy tales, especially "At the Back of the North Wind," "The Princess and the Goblin," and also "The Princess and Curdie," make fascinating reading for children, and are full of beautiful fancies.

This genial Scotch author has made thousands of friends all over the world who have never seen his face. They have been won to him by his writings, which appeal to their hearts and stimulate them to better things.

Mr. MacDonald is tall, of a fine figure and dignified presence, and has a handsome, striking face with a grave but sweet expression. He speaks with a Scottish accent. He preaches now and then, but most of his time is devoted to literary work, which was taken up as a recreation when his health failed.

SAID the wind to the moon, “I will blow you out.
You stare
In the air
Like a ghost in a chair,
Always looking what I’m about.
I hate to be watched ; I will blow you out.”

The wind blew hard, and out went the moon.
So deep
On a heap
Of cloudless sleep,
Down lay the wind, and slumbered soon,
Muttering low — “I’ve done for that moon.”

He turned in his bed ; she was there again !
On high
In the sky
With her ghost eye,
The moon shone white and alive and plain ;
Said the wind — “I will blow you out again.”

He blew, and he blew, and she thinned to a thread.
“One puff
More’s enough
To blow her to snuff !
One good puff more where the last was bred,
And glimmer, glum will go the thread.”

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone ;
In the air
Nowhere
Was a moonbeam bare ;
Far off and harmless the sky stars shone ;
Sure and certain the moon was gone !

The wind took to his revels once more.
On down,
In town,
Like a merry-mad clown,
He leaped and halloed with whistle and roar.
“ What ’s that ? ” The glimmering thread once more.

He flew in a rage — he danced and blew ;
But in vain
Was the pain
Of his bursting brain ;
For still broader the moon-scap grew,
The broader he swelled his big cheeks, and blew.

Slowly she grew — till she filled the night
And shone
On the throne
In the sky alone,
A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

Said the wind — “What a marvel of power am I !
With my breath,
Good faith,
I blew her to death,
First blew her away right out of the sky,
Then blew her in ; what strength am I !”

But the moon knew nothing about the affair ;
For high
In the sky
With her one white eye,
Motionless, miles above the air,
She had never heard the great wind blare.

THE MOUSE AND THE MOONBEAM.

(Abridged.)

From “A Little Book of Profitable Tales,” published by Charles Scribner's Sons.
Copyright, 1889, by Eugene Field.

EUGENE FIELD is a writer who belongs to every one. The East and the West both claim him, and he has written as much for children as for older people.

His writing was so largely the expression of a warm, loving heart that no one could be left out or forgotten in the songs that sprang from its depths.

He was born in the city of St. Louis, in September, 1850. At the death of his mother, when Eugene was six years old, he and his brother Roswell were taken to Amherst, Mass.,

where their cousin cared for them like a mother. Eugene was a happy, loving boy, very fond of pets. He had an odd name for every cat, dog, or bird, and talked with them as if they understood him. In after years he gave his children just such odd pet names.



His early education was received at Amherst. He was but an ordinary scholar, but had a marked talent for drawing and would often spend an hour decorating a letter with elves and brownies. His father was a great student, and the boys at one time carried on a correspondence with him in Latin. After studying at Williams and Knox Colleges,

Eugene joined his brother at the University of Missouri, and there finished his education.

After a trip abroad, he was married to Miss Comstock, the sister of a college friend. He now began work in earnest on a newspaper in St. Louis, becoming quite famous in his line of writing. In 1883 he went to Chicago, where he remained the rest of his life. His poetic talent was very slow in showing itself, the first poem of any merit being written when he was thirty. His earlier writings were on the comic line, and it was not until after the publication of "Little Boy Blue" that the deeper fountains of his genius became apparent.

Unlike most writers, he loved to have others near him while he worked. He delighted in Nature, but wished some dear companion close at hand to share his pleasure in her. Many were the boyhood rambles he took over the hills about Amherst, and in later life his eye was quick to notice and delight in the changes in the landscape about him. He made friends everywhere, but was at his best in his family. Much of his tenderest verse is full of bright pictures of his home life. Mr. Field died in 1895.

dīg'nī fīed	pās'tūr āge
ěx'ě cūt ĩng	věr'dũre
lēague ₁	beāū'tě oūs
ĩn těr rŭpt'	ĩl lŭ'mĩned

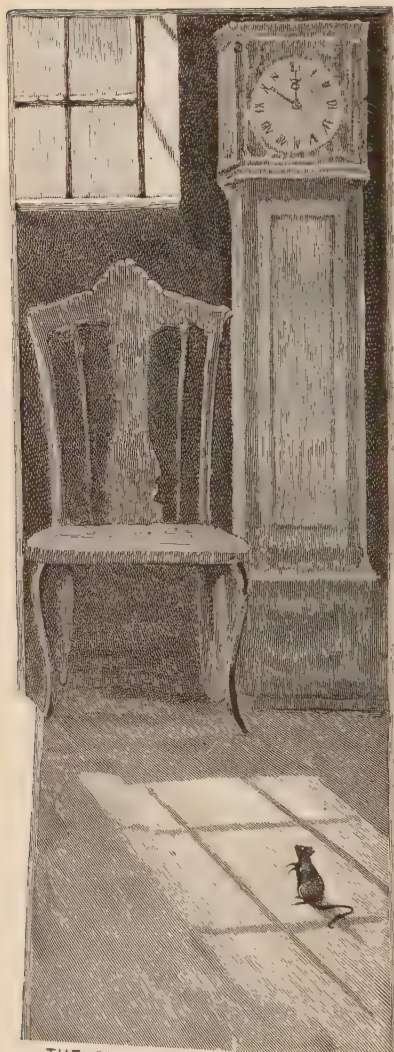
1. WHILST you were sleeping, little Dear-my-Soul, strange things happened; but that I saw and heard them, I should never have believed them. The clock stood, of course, in the corner, a moonbeam floated idly on the floor, and a little mauve mouse came from the hole in the chimney corner and frisked and scampered in the light of the moonbeam upon the floor.

The little mauve mouse was particularly merry; sometimes she danced upon two legs and sometimes upon four legs, but always very daintily and always very merrily.

2. “Ah, me!” sighed the old clock, “how different mice are nowadays from the mice we used to have in the good old times! Now there was your grandma, Mistress Velvetpaw, and there was your grandpa, Master Sniff-whisker,—how grave and dignified they were!

“Many a night have I seen them dancing upon the carpet below me, but always the stately minuet and never that crazy frisking which you are executing now, to my surprise—yes, and to my horror, too.”

“But why should n't I be merry?” asked the little



THE OLD CLOCK CHATS WITH THE
MAUVE MOUSE.

mauve mouse. "To-morrow is Christmas, and this is Christmas eve."

"So it is," said the old clock. "I had really forgotten all about it. But, tell me, what is Christmas to you, little Miss Mauve Mouse?"

3. "A great deal to me!" cried the little mauve mouse. "I have been very good a very long time: I have not used any bad words, nor have I gnawed any holes, nor have I stolen any canary seed, nor have I worried my mother by running behind the flour barrel where that horrid trap is set. In fact, I have been so good that I'm very sure Santa Claus will bring me something very pretty."

This seemed to amuse the old clock mightily; in fact, the old clock fell to laughing

so heartily that she struck twelve instead of ten, which was exceedingly careless.

4. "Why, you silly little mauve mouse," said the old clock, "you don't believe in Santa Claus, do you?"

"Of course I do," answered the little mauve mouse. "Believe in Santa Claus? Why should n't I? Did n't Santa Claus bring me a beautiful butter-cracker last Christmas, and a lovely gingersnap, and a delicious rind of cheese, and — and — lots of things? I should be very ungrateful if I did not believe in Santa Claus, and I certainly shall not disbelieve in him at the very moment when I am expecting him to arrive with a bundle of goodies for me."

5. "But if you believe in Santa Claus, why aren't you in bed?" said the old clock.

"That's where I shall be presently," answered the little mauve mouse, "but I must have my scamper, you know. It is very pleasant, I assure you, to frolic in the light of the moon; only I cannot understand why you are always so cold and so solemn and so still, you pale, pretty little moonbeam."

"Indeed, I do not know that I am so," said the moonbeam. "But I am very old, and I have traveled many, many leagues, and I have seen wondrous things. Sometimes I toss upon the ocean, sometimes I fall upon a slumbering flower. I see the fairies at their play, and I

hear mothers singing lullabies. Last night I swept across the frozen bosom of a river.”

6. “How strangely you talk,” said the old clock. “Now, I’ll warrant me that, if you wanted to, you could tell many a pretty and wonderful story. You must know many a Christmas tale; pray, tell us one to wear away this night of Christmas watching.”

“I know but one,” said the moonbeam. “I have told it over and over again, in every land and in every home; yet I do not weary of it. It is very simple. Should you like to hear it?”

“Indeed we should,” said the old clock; “but before you begin, let me strike twelve, for I should n’t want to interrupt you.”

7. When the old clock had performed this duty, the moonbeam began its story:—

“Upon a time—so long ago that I can’t tell how long ago it was—I fell upon a hillside. It was in a far distant country; this I know, because, although it was the Christmas time, it was not in that country as it is wont to be in countries to the north. Hither the snow king never came; flowers bloomed all the year, and at all times the lambs found pleasant pasturage on the hillsides.

“The night wind was balmy, and there was a fragrance of cedar in its breath. There were violets on the hillside, and I fell amongst them and lay there. I kissed them

and they awakened. ‘Ah, is it you, little moonbeam?’ they said, and they nestled in the grass which the lambs had left uncropped.

8. “A shepherd lay upon a broad stone on the hillside; above him spread an olive tree, old, ragged, and gloomy. The shepherd’s name was Benoni. Wearied with long watching, he had fallen asleep; his crook had slipped from his hand.

“Upon the hillside, too, slept the shepherd’s flock. I had counted them again and again; I had stolen across their gentle faces and brought them pleasant dreams of green pastures and of cool water-brooks.

“‘Ah, is it you, little moonbeam?’ quoth the violets. ‘You have come in good time. Nestle here with us, and see wonderful things come to pass.’

“‘What are these wonderful things of which you speak?’ I asked.

9. “‘We heard the old olive tree telling of them to-night,’ said the violets.

“‘Do not go to sleep, little violets,’ said the old olive tree, ‘for this is Christmas night, and the Master shall walk upon the hillside in the glory of the midnight hour.’

“So we waited and watched; one by one the lambs fell asleep; one by one the stars peeped out; the shepherd nodded and crooned and crooned and nodded, and at last

he, too, went fast asleep, and his crook slipped from his keeping.

“Then we called to the old olive tree yonder, asking how soon the midnight hour would come; but all the old olive tree answered was, ‘Presently, presently,’ and finally we, too, fell asleep, wearied by our long watching, and lulled by the rocking and swaying of the old olive tree in the breezes of the night.

10. “ ‘But who is this Master?’ I asked.

“ ‘A child, a little child,’ they answered. ‘He is called the little Master by the others. He comes here often and plays among the flowers of the hillside. Sometimes the lambs, gamboling too carelessly, have crushed and bruised us so that we lie bleeding and are likely to die; but the little Master heals our wounds and refreshes us once again.’

“I marveled much to hear these things. ‘The midnight hour is at hand,’ said I, ‘and I will abide with you to see this little Master of whom you speak.’ So we nestled among the verdure of the hillside, and sang songs one to another.

11. “ ‘Come away!’ called the night wind; ‘I know a beauteous sea not far hence, upon whose bosom you shall float, float, float away out into the mists and clouds, if you will come with me.’

“But I hid under the violets and amid the tall grass,

that the night wind might not woo me with its pleading. ‘Ho there, old olive tree!’ cried the violets; ‘do you see the little Master coming? Is not the midnight hour at hand?’

“‘I can see the town yonder,’ said the old olive tree. ‘A star beams bright over Bethlehem, the iron gates swing open, and the little Master comes.’

12. “Two children came to the hillside. The one, older than his comrade, was Dimas, the son of Benoni. He was rugged and sinewy, and over his brown shoulders was flung a goatskin; a leathern cap did not confine his long, dark, curly hair. The other child was he whom they called the little Master; about his slender form clung raiment white as snow, and around his face of heavenly innocence fell curls of golden yellow.

“So beautiful a child I had not seen before, nor have I ever since seen such as he. And as they came together to the hillside, there seemed to glow about the little Master’s head a soft white light, as if the moon had sent its tenderest, fairest beams to kiss those golden curls.

13. “‘What sound was that?’ cried Dimas, for he was exceeding fearful.

“‘Have no fear, Dimas,’ said the little Master. ‘Give me thy hand, and I will lead thee.’

“Presently they came to the rock whereon Benoni, the shepherd, lay; and they stood under the old olive tree,

and the old olive tree swayed no longer in the night wind, but bent its branches reverently in the presence of the little Master. It seemed as if the wind, too, stayed in its shifting course just then; for suddenly there was a solemn hush.

“ ‘Thy father sleeps,’ said the little Master, ‘and it is well that it is so; for that I love thee, Dimas, and that thou shalt walk with me in my Father’s kingdom, I would show thee the glories of my birthright.’

14. “Then all at once sweet music filled the air, and light, greater than the light of day, illumined the sky and fell upon all that hillside. The heavens opened, and angels, singing joyous songs, walked to the earth. More wondrous still, the stars, falling from their places in the sky, clustered upon the old olive tree, and swung hither and thither like colored lanterns. The flowers of the hillside all awakened, and they, too, danced and sang.

“The angels, coming hither, hung gold and silver and jewels and precious stones upon the old olive, where swung the stars; so that the glory of that sight, though I might live forever, I shall never see again.

“When Dimas heard and saw these things he fell upon his knees, and catching the hem of the little Master’s garment, he kissed it.

“ ‘Greater joy than this shall be thine, Dimas,’ said the little Master; ‘but first must all things be fulfilled.’

15. "All through that Christmas night did the angels come and go with their sweet anthems ; all through that Christmas night did the stars dance and sing ; and when it came my time to steal away, the hillside was still beautiful with the glory and the music of heaven."

"Well, is that all?" asked the old clock.

"No," said the moonbeam ; "but I am nearly done. The years went on. Sometimes I tossed upon the ocean's bosom, sometimes I scampered o'er a battlefield, sometimes I lay upon a dead child's face. I heard the voices of Darkness and mothers' lullabies and sick men's prayers, — and so the years went on.

16. "I fell one night upon a hard and furrowed face. It was of ghostly pallor. A thief was dying on the cross, and this was his wretched face. About the cross stood men with staves and swords and spears, but none paid heed unto the thief. Somewhat beyond this cross another was lifted up, and upon it was stretched a human body my light fell not upon.

"But I heard a voice that somewhere I had heard before, — though where I did not know, — and this voice blessed those that railed and jeered and shamefully entreated. And suddenly the voice called 'Dimas, Dimas!' and the thief upon whose hardened face I rested made answer.

17. "Then I saw that it was Dimas ; yet to this wicked

criminal there remained but little of the shepherd child whom I had seen in all his innocence upon the hillside. Long years of sinful life had seared their marks into his face ; yet now, at the sound of that familiar voice, somewhat of the old-time boyish look came back, and I seemed to see the shepherd's son again.

“ ‘ The Master ! ’ cried Dimas, and he stretched forth his neck that he might see him that spake.

“ ‘ O Dimas, how art thou changed ! ’ cried the Master, yet there was in his voice no tone of rebuke save that which cometh of love.

18. “ Then Dimas wept, and in that hour he forgot his pain. And the Master's consoling voice and the Master's presence there wrought in the dying criminal such a new spirit that when at last his head fell upon his bosom, and the men about the cross said that he was dead, it seemed as if I shined, not upon a felon's face, but upon the face of the gentle shepherd lad, the son of Benoni.

“ And shining on that dead and peaceful face, I be-
thought me of the little Master's words that he had
spoken under the old olive tree upon the hillside : ‘ Your
eyes behold the promised glory now, O Dimas,’ I whispered,
‘ for with the Master you walk in Paradise.’ ”

19. Ah, little Dear-my-Soul, you know — you know
whereof the moonbeam spake. The shepherd's bones are
dust, the flocks are scattered, the old olive tree is gone,

the flowers of the hillside are withered, and none knoweth where the grave of Dimas is made. But last night again there shined a star over Bethlehem, and the angels descended from the sky to earth, and the stars sang together in glory.

And the bells, — hear them, little Dear-my-Soul, how sweetly they are ringing, — the bells bear us the good tidings of great joy this Christmas morning, that our Christ is born, and that with him he bringeth peace on earth and goodwill toward men.

THE STORY OF FLORINDA.

BY ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

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1. MR. BOWEN came over from England more than two hundred years ago, bringing his family with him. The country was then covered with woods. Indians, deer, wolves, and foxes had it pretty much to themselves.

There was one other house in the valley, and only one, and that belonged to a man named Moore. Four miles away, at the Point, there were some dozen or twenty houses, a store, and a mill; no road between, only a

blind pathway through the woods. Those woods reached hundreds of miles.

2. Mr. Bowen had lived in this country a little more than a year when his wife died, leaving three children, — Philip, not quite eleven, Nathaniel, six, and Polly, three.

He hired a young girl to take care of these children and to keep house for him. Her name was Florinda LeShore. She was born in France, but had spent the greater part of her life in England. She was only fifteen years old.

3. Florinda went to Mr. Bowen's house sometime in November. On the 29th of December, as Mr. Bowen and Mr. Moore were saddling their horses to go to the store, word came that they must start at once for a place about fifteen miles away to consult with other settlers as to what should be done to defend themselves against the Indians.

So the two men turned their horses' heads in the direction of Dermott's Crossing, and thought they should make good time and be back by noon of the next day.

4. Two days and two nights passed, and they had neither come nor sent any message. By that time there was not much left to eat in either house. Florinda and the children slept both nights at Mrs. Moore's. Mrs. Moore's house was built of heavy timbers, and its doors were oak, studded with spikes.

The Indians never attacked a strong house like that, especially if guarded by a white man with firearms. Mrs. Moore was a feeble woman. She had two little children, and her brother was then living with her, — a young man named David Palmer, at that time confined indoors on account of having frozen his feet badly.

5. On the second morning Philip said to Florinda that he would take his hand sled and go through the woods to the store and get some meal and some bacon for themselves and Mrs. Moore. Florinda felt loath to let him go. It was a long distance, the snow was deep, — no track, and woods nearly all the way. But Philip said that he was n't afraid; the oldest boy ought to take care of the family; and at last Florinda said he might go. For, unless he did, they might all starve, especially if there should come on a heavy snowstorm.

6. Florinda spent the day in spinning and in other work for the family. As soon as it began to grow dark, Mrs. Moore sent her little boy over to inquire. Florinda sent word back that Philip had not come, and that she should wait until he did come before going over to Mrs. Moore's.

After the boy had gone back, Florinda barred the door and shut all the window shutters but one. She left that open so that Philip might see the firelight shining through. The children began to cry because Philip was out all

alone in the dark woods, and Florinda did everything she could to take up their minds. Nathaniel told afterward of her rolling up the cradle quilt into a baby for little Polly, and pinning an apron on it, and of her setting him letters to copy on the bellows with chalk.

At last little Polly fell asleep and was put into bed. Nathaniel laid his head on Florinda's lap and dropped asleep there, and slept till she got up to put more wood on. It was then nearly twelve o'clock. Nathaniel woke in a fright. He had been dreaming about wolves, which made him cry.

7. In the midst of his crying there came a tap at the door. Florinda made no answer. Then a voice said softly, "Florinda?" It was the young man, David Palmer, Mrs. Moore's brother. He had crawled all the way between the two houses to see if they were safe and if they would not come over. Florinda said no, that she had plenty of work to do and was not afraid, and meant to stay and keep a good fire for Philip.

The young man told her the window shutter ought to be shut, to keep the light from shining out, in case any Indians might be going through the woods; that when Philip got within half a mile of the house he could keep his course by the brook. Florinda closed the shutter. He then told her something, in a tone of voice too low for the children to hear, which made her look quite thought-

ful. He pointed to a knot hole in the shutter, and she hung a shawl over it. Then he dried his fur mittens a few minutes longer at the blaze, and went back to stay with his sister.

8. When the young man had been gone a little while, Nathaniel climbed up and looked through the knot hole, and told Florinda he saw a fire in the woods. Florinda said she thought not, may be it was the moon rising, and kept on with her spinning. By and by he looked again, and said he did see a fire and some Indians sitting down by it.

Florinda left her wheel then and looked through, and said yes, it was so. She kept watch afterwards, and saw them put out the fire and go away into the woods toward the Point. By this time it was pretty near morning.

On the back side of the hut, near the fireplace, there had been in the summer a hole or tunnel dug through to the outside under the logs. It was begun by a tame rabbit that belonged to Nathaniel.

9. The children at play dug the hole deeper and wider, and it came quite handy in getting in firewood. This passage was about four feet deep. They called it the "back doorway." When winter came on it was filled up with sand and moss. No doubt Florinda planned exactly what to do in case of an attack, as she spent the latter

part of that night in taking the filling from the “back doorway.”

She said a great deal to Nathaniel about taking care of little Polly, — told him that if any bad Indians came to the door, he must catch hold of her hand and run just as fast as he could, through the “back way,” to Mrs. Moore’s.

10. While she was talking to Nathaniel, in the way I have said, they all heard a step outside. It was then a little after daybreak. Some one tapped at the door, and a strange voice said, “A friend, open *quick!*” She opened the door and found a white man standing there. This white man told her that unfriendly Indians were prowling about to rob, to kill, and to burn dwelling-houses.

The man was a messenger sent to warn people. As soon as he had gone Florinda double-barred the door, raked up the fire, put on her things and the children’s things, and got ready to go over with them to Mrs. Moore’s. But before starting she opened the shutter a crack and looked out and saw two Indians coming toward the door.

She whispered to Nathaniel, “Run! Run! You’ll have time! I’ll keep them out till you get away!” He heard the Indians yell and saw Florinda brace herself against the door.

11. Nathaniel ran with little Polly, and on the way they met the young man, David Palmer, creeping along with his gun. He was coming to tell Florinda to hurry

away. He presently saw two Indians start from the house and run into the woods. He then crept round the corner of the house. The door had been cut away. Florinda lay across the chest, dead, as he thought, — and indeed she was badly hurt.



FLORINDA DEFENDS THE HOUSE AGAINST THE INDIANS.

David Palmer did everything he could do to make her show some signs of life. At last Florinda came to her senses. She soon recovered and lived to a good old age, and often told her adventure with the Indians to her grandchildren.

Glancing toward the door, David saw a man on horseback, leading a horse with his right hand, and with his left drawing something heavy on a sled.

12. As the man on horseback came nearer, it proved to be Mr. Moore. He was leading Mr. Bowen's horse with his right hand, and with the other he was dragging along Mr. Bowen on Philip's hand sled.

Coming home from Dermott's Crossing Mr. Bowen had been taken sick and was only able to travel slowly, with Mr. Moore's assistance. When they had nearly reached home, Mr. Moore's dog in racing through the woods found Philip's sled in a clump of bushes and barked till the men went to the spot. Mr. Moore covered the sled with boughs, laid Mr. Bowen on them, and drew him along.

13. During all this time Philip had met with strange adventures. The day he went to the Point he had to wait for corn to be ground, which made him late in starting for home. He heard a good many reports concerning the Indians, and thought that it would be safer to take a roundabout course back; by doing this he lost his way and wandered in the woods till almost twelve o'clock at night, when he came out upon a cleared place where there were several log huts.

The people in one of these let him come in and sleep on the floor, and they gave him a good meal of meat and potatoes. He set out again between four and five in the morning, guided by a row of stars that those people pointed out to him.

14. A little after daybreak, being then about a quarter of a mile from home in a hilly place, he thought he would leave his sled, the load was so hard to draw, and run ahead and tell the folks about the Indians. So he pushed it under some bushes, and then, to mark the spot, he took one of his shoestrings and tied one of his mittens high up on the limb of a tree.

He heard strange sounds and climbed up into a hemlock tree which overhung a brook to hide out of sight and to look about. He lay along a branch listening, and presently saw Nathaniel hurrying toward the brook, leading little Polly, and was just going to call out when he caught sight of three Indians standing behind some trees, watching the two children.

15. Philip moved a little to see better, and by doing this lost sight of them a moment, and when he looked again they were both gone. He heard a crackling in the bushes, and caught sight of little Polly's blanket flying through the woods, and knew then that those Indians had carried off Nathaniel and little Polly. Without stopping to consider, he jumped down and followed on, thinking to find out where they went and tell his father.

Philip, by one way or another, kept on the trail of the Indians the whole day. Once it was by seeing a shred of a blanket. Another time it was by coming across a knife the Indians had stolen from some house.

And he had wit enough to break a limb or gash a tree now and then so as to find his way back ; also to take the bearings of the hills. When the Indians halted to rest he had a chance to rest too.

16. At last they stopped for the night in a valley where there were two or three wigwams. He watched them go into one of these, and then he could not think what to do next. The night was setting in bitter cold.

The shoe he took the string from had come off in running, and that foot was nearly frozen, and would have been quite, only for his having tied some moss to the bottom of it with his pocket handkerchief. The hand that had no mitten was frozen. He had eaten nothing but boxberry plums and boxberry leaves.

He lay down on the snow. Then he began to feel sleepy, and knew nothing more till he woke inside of a wigwam, and found two Indian women rubbing him with snow. He did not see Nathaniel and little Polly. They were in another wigwam. There were two Indians squatting on the floor, one of them quite old.

Philip suffered dreadful pain in his foot and hand, but he shut his mouth tight for fear he might groan. He said afterward, when questioned about this part of his story, that *he* was not going to let them hear a white boy groan.

17. It was probably seeing him so courageous that

gave them the idea of offering him to their chief's wife. It was a custom among them, when a chief's wife lost a male child by death, to offer her another, usually a captive taken in war. If, after seeing the child offered in this way, she refused to adopt him, he was not suffered to live.

Now one of those two squaws in the wigwam felt inclined to keep Philip from being carried to where the chief lived; so next morning before light, when the Indians went off hunting, she sent the other squaw out on some errand, and then told Philip in broken English that he must run away that very morning. She bound up his foot, gave him a moccasin to wear on it, a bag of pounded corn, and a few strips of meat.

18. As soon as it began to grow light he went along without much trouble by means of the signs on the trees. But as he got farther on, there being fewer of these signs, he took the wrong course, — very luckily as it proved, for by doing so he fell in with two men on horseback, and one of these carried him home.

Philip described the place where the Indians were encamped, and that very night a party was sent out which captured the Indians and brought back Nathaniel and little Polly.

THE FATE OF THE INDIANS.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

CHARLES SPRAGUE was born in Boston in 1791. Although he was employed for nearly forty years as cashier in a bank, he spent much time in writing.

He was a great favorite as an orator. His speeches were marked by strength and a brilliant style.

He was a large-hearted man, and the fate of the Indian race aroused his sympathy. He felt that they had been wronged by the white men.

The following selection is taken from a speech which he delivered at Boston on the Fourth of July, 1825.

gĕn ěr ā'tions (shŭnŭ)

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1. Not many generations ago, where you now sit encircled by all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind and the wild fox dug his hole unscared.

Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over our heads the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate.

Here the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and the helpless, the council fire glared on the wise and the daring.

2. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred ; the echoing whoop, the defying death song, both were here ; and when the tiger strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace.

Here, too, they worshipped ; and from many a dark bosom went up a pure prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of Revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in everything around.

3. He beheld Him in the star that sank in beauty behind his lowly dwelling ; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his midday throne ; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze ; in the lofty pine that had defied a thousand whirlwinds ; in the fearless eagle whose untired pinion was wet in clouds.

And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a Pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you, the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native.

4. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted forever from its face a whole, peculiar people.

The Indian of falcon glance and lion bearing, the hero

of the pathetic tale, is gone ! And his degraded offspring crawl upon the soil, where he walked in majesty, to remind us how miserable is man when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

5. As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs have dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war cry is fast dying away to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains and read their doom in the setting sun.

They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away ; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave which will settle over them forever.

CHARLES DICKENS.

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põp ù lãr'ĩ tỹ	ĩg'nõ rançe
chal et' (shã lã')	sỹm'pã thỹ

1. THERE once lived in England a little boy whose name was Charles Dickens. He was born at Portsmouth, on the 7th of February, 1812, his father being a clerk in the Navy Pay Office at that place. Mr. Dickens lost this



CHARLES DICKENS.

position and the family moved to Chatham when Charles was four years old.

Charles' first teacher was his mother, who taught him to read. When he was seven years old he attended a day school, and the master soon saw that his little pupil was very clever. The boy was not well and strong, so he could not join his playmates in their games of ball and cricket; but he would lie on the grass for hours watching them with great interest.

2. He was soon reading the best authors. Often when suffering from pain he turned to books for comfort, and the people of whom he read became real friends. His father had some books which he kept in an empty room,

where Charles spent many an hour, and he would imagine for weeks at a time that he was some character in them. He said: "Robinson Crusoe and others came out, a glorious host, to keep me company."

In spite of his ill health Charles was a light-hearted, merry little fellow, full of fun and very fond of singing. His sister Fannie was musical, and she and Charles sang together. When he became a man he amused his friends and his children with these funny songs.

3. It was fortunate that he had this happy nature, for it helped him through the dark days that came to him early in life. Soon after he was nine years old his father had to leave Chatham and moved to London. Charles was sorry to leave the place which was so dear to him. No more sailing trips with his father, no more happy days with his schoolmates.

The night before he went away his schoolmaster came in and gave him a book, "The Bee," by Oliver Goldsmith. The boy prized this very highly and kept it many years.

His father had lost money and the new home was in a poor part of London. Charles could find no companions there, and he used often to sit in his little garret room and long for the home at Chatham with its woods and fields, and for his schoolmates. He had no companions of his own age, for there was no school for him to attend, and his sister Fannie was away studying music.

4. Darker days yet were before him. His father lost what little he had, and Charles went to work in a blacking factory. No more schooling for him now; he must bravely do his part and earn his own living. He was paid six shillings a week and felt very proud as he carried them home, gazing in at the shop windows and thinking of what his six shillings would buy.

Mr. Dickens, being unable to pay his debts, was sent to the debtor's prison soon after little Charles went to work. The boy now gave up all hope of ever going to school. Sadly, but bravely, he bade farewell to the hope of doing and being something in this world. He was alone and must struggle along by himself.

5. Mrs. Dickens and the other children went to the prison to live; but Charles was sent to lodge with an old lady in Camden Town. Every Sunday he used to walk to the prison, where he spent the day with the family.

The poor boy was so lonely that he finally begged his father to let him hire a room near the prison where he might see the family more often. His father consented and Charles found a little attic room near by.

Two years slowly passed by while the boy worked nobly in the smoky old factory. He was often too ill to do his work well, and the days were long and dreary.

He tried to study by himself, for he was not willing to grow up in ignorance, but was too tired after his day's

work to accomplish much. These years of suffering made his heart very tender toward children who were alone in the world or oppressed in any way, and his beautiful nature was not harmed by his low surroundings.

6. But brighter days were at hand. His father had some money left to him, and was able to pay his debts and make a home for his family.

It was a happy day when little Charles said good-bye to the factory and went home again. He was able to attend school once more, and soon became a leader in all boyish sports.

His health improved, and at twelve years of age he was a bright, handsome boy, full of fun, but always kind and thoughtful of others. His books were dearer than ever to him, and his favorite motto was, "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

His schoolmates soon discovered his talent for storytelling, and would listen with interest to his tales of adventure, and he and several of his friends published a little paper.

7. After his school course was over, his father wished him to study law, and he became a clerk in a lawyer's office. He held the position for over a year, then decided to be a reporter. He spent some time working at the study of shorthand, studying at the same time at the

reading room of the British Museum. In his eighteenth year he entered the House of Commons as reporter.

He also found time to write for a magazine. These sketches were full of wit and humor, and the style was so new that they soon made the author famous. He



DICKENS' HOME AT GADSHILL.

signed them "Boz," a nickname which he had given in sport to his youngest brother.

8. In 1836 Dickens published "Sketches by Boz" and "The Pickwick Papers." These placed him at once in the highest rank of English authors. Many other books followed, and his writing increased in popularity. He

was always hard at work, and lived in the book he was writing, suffering or rejoicing with his characters.

He was married in 1836, the year his first books were published, and his home was soon made glad with the sound of childish voices. How dear to the great man were these little ones, and what a gentle, loving father they had! He had never shut his heart against suffering, and was full of sympathy for every childish sorrow.

9. When he was a very small boy and lived in Chatham, he used once in a while to walk by a large old-fashioned house on the top of a hill called "Gadshill." He had a great liking for this house, perhaps because of two fine cedars that grew near it.

His father used to tell him that if he worked hard he might live there when he was a man. After he became successful he bought this very house and spent many happy years in it. In this beautiful home he received his friends.

10. He had a little chalet or summer-house where he wrote. He says of it: "My room is up among the branches of the trees; and the birds and the butterflies fly in and out, and the green branches shoot in at the open windows, and the light and shadows of the clouds come and go with the rest of the company."

Many of his stories were played on the stage, and he gave readings from his own books. There was a wonder-

ful charm in his voice and expression, and his hearers were moved to tears or laughter by the magic of his tones.

He made two visits to this country, where he met with the heartiest reception.

11. Dickens died on the 9th of June, 1870, in his home at Gadshill, and lies buried among England's honored dead in Westminster Abbey.

Wreaths of flowers are placed by his fond admirers many times every year upon the stone that marks his burial place in the old Abbey.



DICKENS' GRAVE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE DOLLS' DRESSMAKER.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

THIS is a brief extract from "Our Mutual Friend." This novel is not especially interesting to boys and girls save those parts of it which pertain to Jenny Wren, the dolls' dressmaker. Jenny is one of the quaintest and oddest creations of this masterly writer who has delineated so many lovable characters which appeal to the hearts of young people.

This extract has been compiled from Book II, Chapter I, of the novel.

More extended selections from this chapter and from several other chapters which describe Jenny Wren and her friends should be arranged by the teacher for the pupils, as time may permit.

ũn à void'à ble	prē'vĩ oũs lỹ	sci's'sors (zěrz)
děx těr'ĩ tỹ	ăc'cũ râte lỹ	ĩn cõn sĩd'ěr âte

1. BRADLEY HEADSTONE and Charley Hexam crossed the bridge and made along the shore toward Millbank. At the point where Church Street and Smith Square joined, there were some little quiet houses in a row. At one of these they stopped.

The boy knocked at a door, and the door promptly opened with a spring and a click, and disclosed a child — a dwarf, a girl — sitting in a low, old-fashioned armchair which had a kind of a little working bench before it.

"I can't get up," said the child, "because my back

is bad and my legs are queer. But I'm the person of the house. What did you want, young man?"

"I wanted to see my sister."

"Many young men have sisters," returned the child. "Give me your name, young man."

2. The queer little figure and the queer little face, with its bright gray eyes, were so sharp that the sharpness of manner seemed unavoidable; as if, turned out of that mould, it must be sharp.

"Hexam is my name."

"Ah, indeed?" said the person of the house. "I thought it might be. Your sister will be in in about a quarter of an hour. I am very fond of your sister. She's my particular friend. And this gentleman's name?"

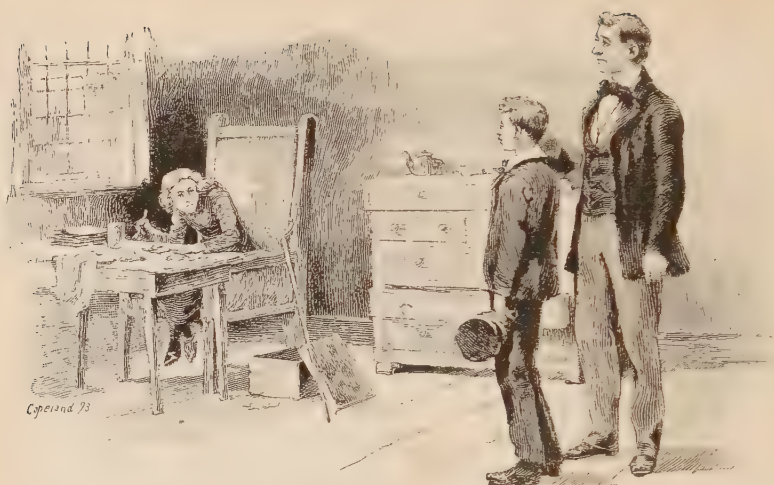
"Mr. Headstone, my schoolmaster."

"Take a seat. And would you please to shut the street door first? I can't very well do it myself."

3. They complied in silence. The little figure went on with its work of gluing together certain pieces of cardboard and thin wood, previously cut into various shapes.

The scissors and knives upon the bench showed that the child herself had cut them. The bright scraps of velvet and silk and ribbon also strewn upon the bench showed that, when duly stuffed, she was to cover them smartly.

4. The dexterity of her nimble fingers was remarkable. As she brought two thin edges accurately together



JENNY WREN AT HOME.

by giving them a little bite, she would glance at her visitors out of the corners of her gray eyes with a look that outsharpened all her other sharpness.

“ You can’t tell me the name of my trade, I’ll be bound,” she said, after taking several of these observations.

“ You make pincushions,” said Charley.

“ What else do I make ? ”

“ Penwipers,” said Bradley Headstone.

“ Ha ! ha ! What else do I make ? You’re a school-master, but you can’t tell me.”

5. “ You do something with straw,” he returned, pointing to a corner of the little bench, “ but I don’t know what.”

“Well done. I only make pincushions and penwipers to use up my waste. But my straw really does belong to my business. Try again. What do I make with my straw?”

“Ladies’ bonnets?”

“Fine ladies’,” said the person of the house. “Dolls’ — I’m a dolls’ dressmaker.”

“I hope it’s a good business?”

6. The person of the house shrugged her shoulders and shook her head.

“No. Poorly paid. And I’m often so pressed for time. I had a doll married last week and was obliged to work all night.”

They looked at the little creature with a wonder that did not diminish, and the schoolmaster said, “I’m sorry your fine ladies are so inconsiderate.”

“It’s the way with them,” said the person of the house, shrugging her shoulders again. “And they take no care of their clothes, and they never keep to the same fashions a month. I work for a doll with three daughters. Bless you, she’s enough to ruin her husband!”

7. She gave a weird little laugh here, and another look out of the corners of her eyes.

“Are you always as busy as you are now?”

“Busier. I’m slack just now. I finished a large mourning order the day before yesterday. Doll I work for lost a canary bird.”

“Are you alone all day?” asked Bradley Headstone.
“Don’t any of the neighboring children — ?”

8. “Don’t talk of children!” cried the person of the house with a little scream, as if the word had pricked her.

“I can’t bear children. I know their tricks and their manners. Always running about and screeching, always playing and fighting, always skip, skip, skipping on the pavement and chalking it for their games.

“And that’s not all. Ever so often calling names in through a person’s keyhole and imitating a person’s back and legs. No, no, no! No children for me. Give me grown-ups.”

9. It was difficult to guess the age of this strange creature, for her poor figure furnished no clew to it, and her face was at once so young and so old. Twelve, or at the most thirteen, might be near the mark.

“I always did like grown-ups,” she went on, “and always kept company with them. So sensible. Sit so quiet. Don’t go prancing and capering about.”

She listened to a step outside that caught her ear, and there was a soft knock at the door. Pulling at a handle within her reach, she said, with a pleased laugh, “Now, here is a grown-up that’s my particular friend!” and Lizzie Hexam entered the room.

“Charley! You?”

10. Taking her brother to her arms in the old way — of which he seemed a little ashamed — she saw no one else.

“There, there, there! All right, my dear. See! Here’s Mr. Headstone come with me.”

Her eyes met those of the schoolmaster, and a murmured word of salutation passed between them. . . . After their departure Mr. Eugene Wrayburn called.

11. He fell to talking playfully to Jenny Wren. “I think of setting up a doll, Miss Jenny,” he said.

“You had better not,” replied the dressmaker.

“Why not?”

“You are sure to break it. All you children do.”

“But that makes it good for trade, you know, Miss Wren.”

“I don’t know about that,” Miss Wren retorted; “but you had better by half set up a penwiper and turn industrious and use it.”

“If we all set to work as soon as we could use our hands it would be all over with the dolls’ dressmakers.”

“There’s something in that,” replied Miss Wren. “You have a sort of an idea in your noddle sometimes.” Then in a changed tone, “Talking of ideas, Lizzie, I wonder how it happens that when I am work, work, working here all alone in the summer time I smell flowers.”

“As a commonplace individual, I should say,” suggested the schoolmaster, “that you smell flowers because you do smell flowers.”

12. “No, I don’t,” said the little creature, resting one arm upon the elbow of her chair, resting her chin upon that hand, and looking vacantly before her; “this is not a flowery neighborhood. It’s anything but that. And yet, as I sit at work, I smell miles of flowers. I smell roses till I think I see the rose leaves lying in heaps, bushels, upon the floor.

“I smell fallen leaves till I put down my hand — so — and expect to make them rustle. I smell the white and the pink May in the hedges, and all sorts of flowers that I never was among, for I have seen very few flowers indeed in my life.”

“Pleasant fancies to have, Jenny dear!” said her friend.

13. “So I think, Lizzie, when they come to me, and the birds I hear! Oh!” cried the little creature, holding out her hand and looking upward, “how they sing!”

There was something in the face and action for the moment quite inspired and beautiful. Then the chin dropped musingly upon the hand again.

“I dare say my birds sing better than other birds and my flowers smell better than other flowers; for when I was a little child,” in a tone as if it were ages ago, “the

children that I used to see early in the morning were very different from any others that I ever saw. They were not like me ; they were never in pain.

“They were not like the children of the neighbors ; they never made me tremble all over by setting up shrill noises, and they never mocked me. Such numbers of them, too ! All in white dresses and with something shining on the borders and on their heads that I have never been able to imitate with my work, though I know it so well.

14. “They used to come down in long, bright, slanting rows, and say all together : ‘Who is this in pain ? Who is this in pain ?’ When I told them who I was, they answered, ‘Come play with us !’ When I said, ‘I never play ! I can’t play !’ they swept about me and took me up and made me light.

“Then it was all delicious ease and rest till they laid me down and said, all together : ‘Have patience, and we will come again.’

“Whenever they came back, I used to know they were coming before I saw the long, bright rows by hearing them ask, all together, a long way off : ‘Who is this in pain ? Who is this in pain ?’ And I used to cry out : ‘O my blessed children, it’s poor me. Have pity on me. Take me up and make me light.’”

Lizzie, who had not taken off her bonnet, rather

hurriedly proposed that as the room was getting dark they should go out into the air.

They went out, the visitors saying good-night to the dolls' dressmaker, whom they left leaning back in her chair with her arms crossed, singing to herself in a sweet, thoughtful little voice.

A STORY OF THE FLAG.

By VICTOR MAPES.

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boul'ē vārd

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1. I do not know how you feel about the American flag, but it has often occurred to me that most of us have very little feeling about it.

I do not mean by this that we are not patriotic — that we would not march up to the cannon's mouth, if we were called upon to do so, as quickly as the Englishman, the German, or anybody else. But our country is so peaceful, and we see so many flags drooping so lazily from flagpoles on the tops of big buildings, or carried on picnic parades, or stuck in the collars of horses, that we are very apt to pass by a flag without noticing it.

If it does chance to engage our attention, we remark, perhaps, that it is faded or bright, large or small, of silk or bunting, or something of the sort, and that is as much feeling as the sight of it ever inspires.

2. At any rate that is what a little boy I know thought about it when he went abroad with me last May. But two little adventures this boy took part in, some time after he arrived on the other side of the ocean, have changed this feeling somewhat. These two adventures that Frank, the little boy I speak of, had in Paris were, perhaps, worth while telling about.

When the Fourth of July came, we had been in Paris nearly two months, and during that time I think we had not seen a single American flag.

3. On the morning of the Fourth, however, we walked out on the boulevard, and a number of flags were hanging out from the American shops. They looked strange to us, and the idea came to Frank, for the first time, that the United States was one of a great many nations living next to one another in this world — that it was his own nation, a kind of big family to which he belonged. The Fourth of July was a sort of a big family birthday, and the flags were out to tell the Frenchmen and everybody not to forget the fact.

4. A feeling of this nature came over Frank that morning, and he called out “There’s another!” every

time a new flag came in view. He stopped two or three times to count the number in sight, and showed in various ways that he, America, and the American flag had come to a new relation.

During the morning Frank's cousin George, a boy two or three years older than he, came to our hotel, and they went off together to see the sights and have a good time.

When Frank returned and came up to the room where I was writing, I noticed a small American flag pin stuck into the lapel of his coat.

5. "George had two," he said in answer to my question, "and he gave me this one. He's been in Paris a year now, and he says we ought to wear them so people may know that we are Americans. But say, Uncle Jack, where do you think I got that?" He opened a paper bundle he had under his arm and unrolled a weather-beaten American flag.

"Where?" asked I, supposing it had come from George's house.

"We took it off Lafayette's tomb."

I opened my eyes in astonishment, while he went on:

6. "George says the American Consul put it on the tomb last Fourth of July for our government, because Lafayette helped us in the Revolution.

"They ought to put on a new flag every year, George says," explained Frank, seeing my amazement, "on Fourth

of July morning, but the American Consul is a new man, George thinks, for he forgot to do it. So we bought a new flag and we did it. We went to a store on the boulevard, and for twenty francs bought a new flag just like the old one. George and I each paid half.

“There were two women and a little girl at the tomb when we returned, and we waited till they went away. Then we unrolled the new flag and took the old one off the tomb.

7. “We thought we ought to say something when we put the new flag on, but we did n’t know what to say. George said they always made a regular speech, thanking Lafayette for helping us in the Revolution, but we thought it did n’t matter much. So we just took off our hats when we spread the new flag on the grave, and then we rolled up the old flag and came away.

“We drew lots for it afterward, and I am going to take it home with me.

“Somebody ought to have done it, and as we were both American boys, it was all right, was n’t it?”

Right or wrong, the flag that travelers saw on Lafayette’s tomb that year as a mark of the American nation’s respect for that great Frenchman was the one put there by two boys. And the flag put there the year before, Frank has carefully hung on the wall of his little room in America.

8. Ten days after this adventure came the Fourteenth of July, — the great day on which the French people stormed the grim old Bastille and cried : “ Down with the tyranny of kings ! ”

It is much the same sort of day to the French as our Fourth of July is to us, only they show a great deal more enthusiasm. The little French boys do not shoot off fire crackers all day in the streets, to frighten horses, scorch their fingers, and make mothers anxious.

There is a great military parade reviewed by the President, there are bands of music on the corners and public places throughout Paris ; and at night, while fireworks are being set off, men, women, and children throng the streets and dance and sing till daylight is about ready to share the fun.

9. The morning of that great day George came round to the hotel, and I asked the two boys if they would like to go after lunch to see the great military parade, where President Carnot was going to have some thirty thousand French soldiers march by his stand and salute him.

George thought it would be more fun to take a carriage and drive about Paris to see all the people celebrating. It would be hot and crowded at the review and we could not hope to see President Carnot, so Frank and I agreed with George.

10. Before we started out, Frank suggested that we

should buy two big flags, the same size, one American, red, white, and blue, and the other French, red, white, and blue, and take them with us. "Don't you see," he explained, "we will carry the American flag to show that we are Americans, and the French flag will show that we're glad they are celebrating!"

So they bought the two flags, — fine large ones, — and Frank with the American flag sat with the coachman on the box, while George and I put the French flag between us, to fly out behind.

11. After driving about from place to place, we found ourselves once more back on the boulevards, when suddenly Frank gave a shout.

"Look!" he called out, "there come some soldiers!"

Yes, there were soldiers on horseback coming towards us. Then far-away shouts reached our ears from the crowds ahead, where the soldiers were.

"Look at the pistols," cried Frank from the box. "They are holding them right up in the air. What is that for?"

"They are a bodyguard," George said. "It must be somebody."

"It is the President," said the coachman, as the soldiers came toward us at a rapid pace.

12. We were within fifty yards of them now and could see everything. There in front were the two officers,

with shining breastplates and helmets, each with a cocked revolver held out at arm's length.

Behind came the President's carriage drawn by four coal-black horses, then two more officers with drawn pistols, followed by a troop of cavalry.

On they came! Our coachman stopped his horses.



FRANK SALUTES THE FRENCH PRESIDENT.

The people were shouting and cheering on all sides, "Le President!" "Carnot!"

He was almost abreast of us and close by when suddenly I noticed he was looking in our direction, and all eyes were turned toward our carriage.

It was the American flag!

There it was floating proudly aloft in the hands of our little boy in the front seat.

13. When Frank saw the President abreast of him and everybody looking at his flag, without a sign of hesitation he stood straight, held the flag as high as he could, and dipped a salute to the President of the French Republic !

The crowd cheered wildly. President Carnot moved forward in his seat, lifted his hat, and bowed low to Frank and the American flag.

And then in a second he had passed.

14. This flag, I think, is prized by Frank even more than the other, for whenever he takes anybody to his room, he always says first, " This is the flag that was on Lafayette's tomb"; and then, in a more impressive voice, " That is the one President Carnot took off his hat to."

But these two flags are not the only ones that are dear to him. Every flag he sees on the street he realizes might have been on Lafayette's tomb or saluted by President Carnot.

A WELCOME TO LAFAYETTE.

By EDWARD EVERETT.

DURING the visit of Lafayette the corner-stone of the monument was laid at Bunker Hill, the scene of one of the first and most celebrated battles of the Revolutionary War, fought June 17, 1775. This is a brief extract from an oration delivered by Mr. Everett at Cambridge in 1824.

1. WITH the present year will be completed the half-century from that most important era in human history, the commencement of our Revolutionary War.

A few still survive among us to reap the rich fruits of their labors and suffering, and one has yielded himself to the united voice of a people, and returned in his age to receive the gratitude of the nation to whom he devoted his youth.

2. It is recorded on the pages of American history that when this friend of our country applied to our commissioners at Paris, in 1776, for a passage to America, they were obliged to answer him that they possessed not the means nor the credit for providing a single vessel in all the ports of France.

“Then,” exclaimed the youthful hero, “I will provide my own”; and it is a literal fact that when all America was too poor to offer him so much as a passage to our

shores, he left, in his tender youth, the bosom of home, of happiness, of wealth, of rank, to plunge in the dust and blood of our struggle.

3. Welcome, friend of our fathers, to our shores! Happy are our eyes that behold those venerable features. Enjoy a triumph such as never monarch enjoyed,—the assurance that throughout America there is not a bosom which does not beat with joy and gratitude at your name. Welcome, thrice welcome, to our shores; and whithersoever throughout the limits of the continent your course shall take you, the ear that hears you shall bless you, the eye that sees you shall bear witness to you, and every tongue exclaim, with heartfelt joy, “Welcome, welcome, Lafayette!”

THE NATIONAL FLAG.

BY CHARLES SUMNER.

CHARLES SUMNER was one of our most prominent American statesmen. He was born in Boston, Mass., January, 1811, was graduated at Harvard, and then studied and practised law.

In 1845 he delivered the Fourth of July oration at Boston with so much eloquence and force that he gained high rank as an orator. Five years later he was elected to the United States Senate, and held that position until his death, in 1873.

Although there were many who disagreed with his views, they never questioned his honor and integrity. His speeches were

finished and scholarly, and always impressed his audience with his power and sincerity. He was a great and good man, and gained the respect of the whole country.



1. THERE is the national flag! He must be cold indeed who can look upon its folds rippling in the breeze without pride of country. If he be in a foreign land, the flag is companionship and country itself with all its endearments.

Who, as he sees it, can think of a state merely? Whose eyes, once fastened upon its radiant trophies, can fail to recognize the image of the whole nation?

It has been called a floating piece of poetry, and yet I know not if it have an intrinsic beauty beyond other ensigns. Its highest beauty is in what it symbolizes. It is because it represents all that all gaze at it with delight and reverence.

2. It is a piece of bunting lifted in the air, but it

speaks sublimely, and every part has a voice. Its stripes of alternate red and white proclaim the original union of thirteen states to maintain the Declaration of Independence. Its stars of white on a field of blue proclaim that union of states constituting our national constellation, which receives a new star with every new state.

The two together signify union, past and present. The very colors have a language which was officially recognized by our fathers. White is for purity, red for valor, blue for justice; and all together, bunting, stripes, stars, and colors blazing in the sky, make the flag of our country — to be cherished by all our hearts, to be upheld by all our hands.

Bright flag at yonder tapering mast,
Fling out your field of azure blue;
Let star and stripe be westward cast,
And point as Freedom's eagle flew!
Strain home! O lithe and quivering spars!
Point home, my country's flag of stars!

N. P. WILLIS.



ALFRED TENNYSON.

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spîr'îť ũ al

în cõr rūpt'î ble

lau'rê âte

1. ALFRED TENNYSON was born in Somersby, England, on the sixth day of August, 1809. His father was the village rector, and there, in the white rectory house among the hills and beneath leafy elms, came the tiny babe who was destined to become the greatest poet of his age.

His mother was a gentle lady with a lively imagination, so kind-hearted that the bad boys of the village used sometimes to beat their dogs under her window in order to be bribed to leave off.

2. There were twelve children in the Tennyson family, and they lived in a little world of their own. The seven

boys would play that they were knights defending a castle or rescuing maidens. Sometimes they fought mimic battles, dividing themselves into two camps, each having a willow wand set up in its midst for a king. Each party tried to overthrow the other's king with a stone.

The love of beauty was very strong in them, and they told marvelous tales and fancied themselves the knights and heroes of which they read.

They liked to write about their play, and used to put the histories of their battles under the potato bowl on the dinner table so that their father might read them. They were a very happy family, and the poems in which Tennyson refers to early days are full of warmth and tenderness.

But it was not all playtime. The children were taught at home and in the village school. The books surrounding them in the rector's library and the pleasant home instruction awakened an early fondness for learning.

3. Alfred showed thought beyond his years when very young. When he was five years of age, as the wind swept through the garden of the rectory, he spread out his little arms and was blown along by it, crying in great glee, "I hear a voice that's speaking in the wind," and the voices which spoke in the babbling of the brook, the sighing of the pines, and the murmur of the waves soon shaped themselves into verse.

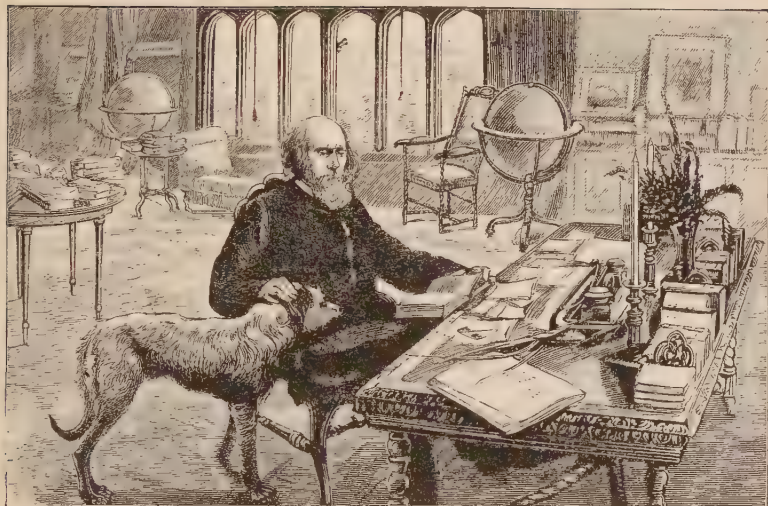
Alfred always loved the sea. He heard many voices in its varying sounds, and the music of the restless waves awakened an answering echo in the heart of the young poet. He once ran bareheaded to the shore to listen to the moaning music of the sea.

4. Charles Tennyson, next older than Alfred, was his constant companion. He, too, had poetical tastes, and wrote throughout his life; but his genius was less than his brother's. The two boys were sent to the Louth Grammar School for a short time, but returned to Somersby and attended a school called "Cadney's." During their course there they wrote verses.

In 1827 they carried their work to a publisher, who gave them twenty pounds for it and published it under the title of "Poems by Two Brothers." The critics paid little attention to this work, and its sale was confined to the family friends. The world little dreamed that a great poet was springing up in its midst.

5. The following year Charles and Alfred went to Trinity College, Cambridge. Their older brother had spent two years there, and had taken the college prize for the Greek poem. This life was a great change from the sleepy village of Somersby, and the influence of the strong, thoughtful minds gathered there was of great benefit to Tennyson.

At that time there were a number of young men at



TENNYSON IN HIS LIBRARY.

Trinity who had unusual talent. The Tennyson boys found friends of their own age who had the same tastes, and they used to meet and tell stories and talk and plan for the future. Those college days were full of delight and profit.

6. It was here that Alfred Tennyson met Arthur Hallam, a young man of rare sweetness of character, who gave promise of great genius. Hallam and Tennyson were soon drawn to each other in a friendship closer than that of the two brothers.

Both young men wrote, and Tennyson afterward said, "He still outstripped me in the race."

In 1829 Tennyson gained the Chancellor's gold medal for a poem on Timbuctoo. This poem received praise from the critics, who said that it would have done honor to any man that ever wrote. In 1830 Tennyson published a little book of verses, which was most favorably received by some critics and ridiculed by others.

A great sorrow was hanging over the young poet. Arthur Hallam, who became dearer with every passing year, died suddenly while at Vienna.

“God's finger touched him, and he slept.”

7. The loss of this very dear friend stirred the young poet's soul to its inmost depths and turned his thoughts to the mysteries of life and death. For seventeen years he secretly relieved the burden of his grieving heart in a memorial poem; but his cry of sorrow and despair grew more confident in the later years, and the closing verses expressed the confidence that the God of love made life and death and is King of both.

Meanwhile he was writing other poems, and his work was becoming better known. The volume published in 1842 took the world by storm. These later poems showed a rare skill in poetic expression and melody. They were full of pictures of English scenery,—the castles and baronial halls, the homesteads and well-kept gardens, the glorious summer woods and the ever-changing sea.

But beyond all these pictures and delicate fancies were spiritual feeling, heart throbs of emotion, and purity of thought.

Charles Dickens was one of the first to recognize Tennyson's genius. He was always a great admirer of the poet, and writes, "Tennyson I have been reading again and again. What a great creature he is!"

8. In 1850 Tennyson gave to the world "In Memoriam," his lament for Arthur Hallam. These verses placed him at the head of all poets of his time, and he was made poet laureate. That was also the year of his marriage to Emily Sellwood. They had long been engaged, and it was her faithful love that had brought gladness into his life.

Two sons, Hallam and Lionel, were born at the beautiful home at Farringford. The house there is delightfully situated. Its park, grove, and pastures are fresh and green, and stately trees grow all about the house.

In the midst of all this beauty and comfort lived Tennyson, grand and noble, but always sad and gloomy.

He lived a very quiet life, spending his time in writing. His pen was never idle, and his last poems were as beautiful and full of melody as any that he ever wrote.

9. His most famous poems are, "Maud," "The Princess," and "Idyls of the King," although some of his shorter poems sing themselves into many hearts.

His poems are high and noble and full of truth as well as beautiful visions. No blot, no stain mars their beauty. His verse is the most faultless in our language, both as regards the music of its flow and the art displayed in the choice of words. As a word-painter no modern poet has equaled him.

His language, although consisting for the most part of strong and pithy Saxon words, is yet the very perfection of all that is elegant and musical in the art of versification.

The great Poet's faith grew brighter and more hopeful during the last years of his life, and when he died in 1892 and was laid with kings and queens in Westminster Abbey his own words came to many a sorrowing heart:

“Come away ; for Life and Thought
 Here no longer dwell ;
 But in a city glorious, —
 A great and distant city, — have bought
 A mansion incorruptible.
 Would they could have stayed with us !”

SIR GALAHAD.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

SIR GALAHAD was a knight who was seeking for the Holy Grail,
— the cup from which Christ drank at the Last Supper.

A knight who undertook this pilgrimage must be pure in
thought, word, and deed.

My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel;
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

When on my goodly charger borne,
Through dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.

The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, spins from brand and mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail—
I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
And through the mountain-walls
A rolling organ-harmony
Swells up, and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
“O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on! the prize is near.”
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-armed I ride, what e'er betide,
Until I find the Holy Grail.

LITTLE ROSALIE.

(Abridged.)

By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

PART I.

MRS. SPOFFORD was born at Calais, Me., but she has spent the greater part of her life in the old town of Newburyport, Mass. She now lives near this quaint city, in a delightful home, on the banks of the Merrimac River.

She began writing when quite young, and her story "In a Cellar," which appeared in one of the first numbers of the "Atlantic Monthly," was greatly admired. Her writings show a wide range of reading and insight into character.

Her magazine stories are especially fine, and are filled with music, beauty, and color.

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côn'fĩ dên ợs

1. IT was a little "play-acting girl," as the children's nurse called her. Her name, on the advertising bills posted up at every street corner, was "LITTLE ROSALIE"; and the great delight of the children was to be allowed to go to a matinée on a Saturday afternoon when they could hear and see her.

Sometimes Little Rosalie was one character in the play and sometimes she was another. Once she was a moonlight fairy in a little white silk gown whose long

folds fell about her feet; her soft hair was loose on her shoulders, a star gleamed on her forehead, and another star tipped the lily's stem she held for a wand.

With her eyes uplifted and a white light on her face, Rosalie sang, and the children thought a little angel from heaven would sing and look in just that way.

2. And when, in another scene, she came dancing on in short, gauzy skirts, with two butterfly wings of peacock feathers upon her shoulders, and, springing upon a cloud, went sailing up out of sight as the play ended with soft music, they always found it difficult thoroughly to believe that she was not a fairy indeed.

"Going to see Little Rosalie," said Tom, "is n't like going to the theater generally. It's —"

"It's just because we love her so," said Bessy.

"And wish to see her," added Johnny.

"And I really think she knows us now," said Maidie. "I should have liked so much to throw her my bunch of violets, if I had dared, the very last time we were there."

3. "Mamma," said Kitten, "is she weally alive, or do they only wind her up and make her go?"

"I don't believe she's alive just as we are," said Fanny. "She has those lovely wings, you know."

"She does n't have them all the time," said Joe; "she does n't have them when she's kneeling by her dying mother or selling the things in the street."

“Oh, then,” said Bessy, “she’s acting! And the wings are probably folded up under her ragged gown.”

“But I should think they’d show just a little bit.”

“Well, they don’t. Oh, should n’t you like to know her, Maidie, and talk with her once?”

4. “I am acquainted with her,” said their mother.

“You, mamma, you?” came a chorus. “O mamma, you can’t mean so! How did it happen? Tell us all about it, please!”

“Is she a truly person?” asked Kitten.

“Yes, she is a ‘truly’ person,” answered their mother. “She lives on a street around the corner a little way from the theater. She has a mother,—a very sick mother,—and an old grandmother and a number of brothers and sisters. And she takes care of all of them.”

“Takes care?” said Maidie, drawing her puzzled brows together.

5. “Yes, actually takes care. In the first place, there is no money for the family but that which she herself earns. And more than that. This lovely little fairy creature who seems to you a being of wings and colors, of light, music, and grace, rises in the morning and makes the fire and dresses the children,—they are all younger than she herself.

“Then she prepares the breakfast and makes her mother comfortable, helps her poor old grandmother, and arranges

the rooms. Some of the younger ones help her in that. And then she goes to rehearsal; that is, to the empty theater, where they practice portions of the evening work, with nobody to look on or applaud.



LITTLE ROSALIE AT HOME.

6. "Well, then, rehearsal over," resumed their mother, with a smile, "our Little Rosalie goes to market, and comes home, gets dinner, and clears it away. And if she has a new part to learn, she sits down to study it. She has to practice her dances sometimes for hours, and her songs, too. Oh, she works every day for many hours harder than you ever worked any hour in your lives.

"When the play is over she comes out of the stage

door into the night. It is often snowy and slippery, or dark and muddy from a heavy rain, with not a star to be seen. Sometimes she has a little supper with her grandmother before she creeps into bed, tired out; but often she goes to bed hungry."

7. "O mamma," cried Maidie, with tears in her sweet eyes, "I think it is so cruel. If she could only come and live with us!"

"And what would become then of her mother and grandmother, of her sisters and brothers? They have nobody but Rosalie to do anything for them, and would have to go to the almshouse or die of starvation if it were not for her earnings."

"Oh, I forgot!"

"Papa could take care of them!" exclaimed Johnny.

"There are people worse off than these," resumed mamma; "people who have n't even any Rosalie to earn money for them. And such people need all the time and money that papa and I have to spare."

8. "But it all seems so strange," said Fanny, "that I can't get quite used to it. She lives around the corner there, in some rooms, and cooks and sweeps and sews, and has a mother and brothers and sisters as we do?"

"Yes, and I suppose her mother's heart aches to have poor little Rosalie doing so much; no doubt she often grieves over it. All the children look upon Rosalie as

the one who gives them everything they have, as their guardian angel.

“When you saw her in that singing-play hovering over the children asleep in the wood, with the great rosy wings arching up above her head and pointing down below her feet, you did n’t dream that she really was a guardian angel to so many, did you?”

9. “O mamma,” cried Maidie, with tears in her eyes, “and I am of no use at all! Can’t we go and see her at her real home, mamma, or have her come to see us?” she added, wistfully.

“I am afraid it would do her no good, my dear. It is no kindness to make her discontented with her own home. And ours is very different.”

“We all wish Rosalie to like us,” said Maidie.

“Rosalie’s too busy for that sort of thing!” said Tom, with great contempt.

“I don’t know that she is,” said Maidie. “Once—I—I never told anybody—but once when she was so very near our box, you know, I really did throw her a little lace bag full of chocolates—those lovely chocolates that Uncle John gives us. And she caught it and looked over and laughed, and actually slipped one into her mouth—”

10. “Well,” interrupted Tom, looking up from the heavy calculations that he had been making, “we can’t go next Saturday—unless Aunt Lydia ‘chips in.’” And,

to everybody's amazement, Aunt Lydia did "chip in" a bright two-dollar-and-a-half gold piece on the spot.

That night, in their little beds in the big bedroom, most of the children, as usual, could hardly close their eyes for joy over the expected outing.

"Say, Maidie, are you asleep?" whispered Bessy.

"Of course not," answered Maidie. "How do you suppose I can sleep when I'm going over in my mind the music that Rosalie is going to sing and dance to next Saturday? And — O Bessy, how beautiful it is for anybody to do all the good that Rosalie does in the world! Oh, if I could only be of use to people —"

11. "Oh, you are, Maidie dear, you are of the greatest use to me! I don't know what I should do without you!" exclaimed her little bedfellow, clasping Maidie in her arms and able to speak her heart fully because it was dark. "You see to my work, and you make up our quarrels, and you get mamma to let us do things, and — and —"

"But, you see, if I died, — to-morrow, say, — you would all get along as well without me in a little while. I'm not really necessary to anybody. And she is really necessary just to keep ever so many people alive, and to bring them up and help them on in the world.

"And, then, think to how many people she gives pleasure; and how many children just count the days, the way

we do, before they go to see 'Little Rosalie.' Oh, if I could but be as useful in the world as she is — "

And there Maidie stopped her confidences, for the faintly murmured assents showed that Bessy would soon be sound asleep in spite of herself.

LITTLE ROSALIE.

PART II.

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1. WHAT a merry party it was that set out for the "Old Prospero" that frosty Saturday afternoon. Something detained the mother at home; but Aunt Nan went in her place, and there was Nurse and Aunt Lydia and — the door-keeper laughed to see the rest of them; he did n't pretend to count them, and so why should I?

Maidie laughed, though, — she could n't help it, — when Aunt Lydia, after settling herself, took a phial of water from her muff.

"There!" said Aunt Lydia. "I never go to the theater without it. For, you know, if there should be a fire and one were in danger of suffocating from the smoke, only let the handkerchief be wet in cold water and held over

the mouth and nose and one can breathe through that and keep alive a great while longer.”

2. “Nonsense, Lydia!” said Aunt Nan. “What do you want to frighten the children for?”

But as Maidie heard Aunt Lydia her eyes grew bigger and bigger, so big that she could see only the daily danger in which Little Rosalie lived. But after awhile, and when Little Rosalie had come on the scene, Maidie forgot that trouble in her present delight.

She was rapt in seeing a huge blossom open and let Rosalie out, to the sound of soft music. She leaned far from the box in her forgetful gazing; and soon it seemed as though Rosalie, whirling very near, gave them a smile of recognition, and then none of the children had either eyes or thoughts for anything but this floating, flashing sylph.

At that moment a child down in the audience cried about something and diverted from the stage the glances of the audience,—the glances of all but Maidie. In that brief moment her eye beheld a dreadful sight.

Some one on the stage, however, had seen it, and the next instant down rolled the drop scene and hid the stage from view.

3. But not a moment too soon. For a spark had shot out and one little flame had sprung up and another had followed it, racing and chasing upwards till a hundred tiny tongues of fire were flying up the inner drapery

and far aloft. At the same instant some one in the back of the audience shouted "Fire!"

It is a terrible sound in a crowded building. It made Aunt Lydia's heart stop beating for a second, and then she began to cry, in spite of Aunt Nan's calm voice, and to huddle the children together to rush for the door.

But it came upon Maidie in that moment that if everybody rushed to the door at once nobody could get there. Those in front would be crowded and knocked down by others piling upon them, and all buried under one another, stifled and killed,—so that fire itself could do no more.

Oh, why was there nobody to prevent it? If papa were but there! Oh, thank Heaven, thank Heaven, he was not,—if there was no escape! Could nobody hinder?

4. This was all realized in two breaths. And in a third breath the drop scene was pulled aside a trifle, some of the orchestra took up the music that had stopped for only a few beats, and out bounded Little Rosalie with her long scarf and basket, spinning and pirouetting halfway across the stage, and pausing in the middle of the prettiest attitude of the "Great Bonbon Act."

Out of the charming basket on her arm she caught and whirled hundreds of bonbons as far as her hand could throw them among the babies in the audience.

The thought rushed into Maidie's mind that the stage

people were afraid of the panic and the crush, and so had sent Little Rosalie out with the bonbons to dance as if nothing were the matter, hoping thus to prevent the sudden attempt of so many to get out at once.

5. For Maidie herself had seen the fire. And she knew it was actually in there, climbing higher and higher; and she could hear from where she was the breathless movements of those behind the curtain who were trying to smother it.

But something else rushed over Maidie, too. It was that if Little Rosalie stayed there another moment she would herself be burned alive, and then what would become of the mother and the grandmother and the twins, who had nobody but Rosalie in the whole wide world?

And before Maidie fairly knew what she was doing she sprang from the box — it was but a single step — and had run across the stage before all the people and had clasped Little Rosalie, crying quickly and softly, —

“Oh, run, run, Little Rosalie, run! Save yourself! For I really saw the fire! And,” as Rosalie did not run, “what will they do at home without you if you are killed here? And there are so many of us at home that nobody will miss me very much! I will stay instead of you!”

6. Poor Maidie! As if her staying would have been

of the least use! But she never thought of that. She only thought that if some child must stay there it would better be she than Rosalie. And even while she pleaded up went the great drop scene, rolling to the top, and out flocked all the players of the scene.

And then a group of the strangest looking people were caressing Maidie, and little Rosalie herself was hanging on her neck one moment, and somebody took her by the hand and led her round by some back way to the box again.

Aunt Lydia was just resuming her seat, but was still quite determined to go out and take the children with her. The children were quite as determined not to go. And, indeed, their pleadings finally carried the day.

7. But that night Maidie's father came into the room where she lay in her little bed much too excited to sleep. "It was one of the bravest things I ever heard of.— Little Rosalie's act," said he. "Such a child as that must not be wasted. And a subscription is to be taken up that will bring a sufficient sum to complete her education in whatever way is thought best."

"Oh, you don't mean so, papa!" came a chorus from all the beds. "Oh, how glad I am! And to take care of all her folks at home, too, papa?"

"But as for you, my little darling," continued her father to Maidie, "how could you possibly think you

were of so little use at home as to be willing to break our hearts by risking the loss of your life? What if I had come home to-night and found no Maidie to meet me?"

8. And Maidie started up and threw her arms about her father, touched to the heart by her sudden feeling of what his grief might have been. "I want you never to forget, little daughter," he went on, "that you are of great and important use in the family. Are you not my little comforter?"

"How are all these children to grow up without the example and the care of their eldest sister? Our duties all begin at home. Heroic actions are great and admirable. But there are other actions just as admirable.

"Among these are the daily acts of duty done, with which you make life pleasant and easy for your mother and me, for Tom, for Kitten, and for all of us. When I remember that I never saw my Maidie out of temper in my life —"

9. "Nor heard her speak rudely to any one," interrupted the listening Bessy.

"Nor knew of her telling anything but the truth," cried Tom from the other room.

"Nor heard her say 'I can't' when you ask her to tie your ribbons or to do your sum or to find your needle," added Fanny.

“Nor knew her to do anything but to try to make everybody about her happy and keep her own sweet soul white in the eyes of Heaven,” continued her father. “When I remember this of Maidie, I think all this daily service is of as much worth as the one heroic deed that risks life to save the lives of others.”

DOWN TO SLEEP.

By HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

NOVEMBER woods are bare and still ;
November days are clear and bright ;
Each noon burns up the morning chill ;
The morning snow is gone by night ;
Each day my steps grow slow, grow light,
As through the woods I reverent creep,
Watching all things lie “down to sleep.”

I never knew before what beds,
Fragrant to smell, and soft to touch,
The forest sifts and shapes and spreads ;
I never knew before how much
Of human sounds there is in such
Low tones as through the forest sweep
When all wild things lie “down to sleep.”

Each day I find new coverlids
Tucked in and more sweet eyes shut tight;
Sometimes the viewless mother bids
Her ferns kneel down, full in my sight;
I hear their chorus of “good-night.”
And half I smile, and half I weep,
Listening while they lie “down to sleep.”

November woods are bare and still;
November days are bright and good;
Life's noon burns up life's morning chill;
Life's night rests feet which long have stood;
Some warm, soft bed, in field or wood,
The mother will not fail to keep,
Where we can lay us “down to sleep.”

THE SHIPWRECK.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

From "David Copperfield."

THIS is a selection from Chapter LV of "David Copperfield," Dickens' masterpiece. This chapter contains the famous description of a great storm at Yarmouth. Ham Peggotty, one of the noblest characters in Dickens, attempts to reach the wreck and loses his life. Other parts of this chapter should be read to the pupil in connection with this brief extract.

ăg' ĭ tǎ'tion (shŭn)	ĩn'fĩ nĩte lŷ
ũn'dũ lāt ĩng	ĩn těr'mĩ nǎ ble
tũ mŭl'tũ ous lŷ	ĩn cõn ċēiv'ǎ ble
ěx'ĩ ģen ċŷ	cõm mũ nĩ cǎ'tion (shŭn)
prõ dĩ'ģious	ǎn tĩċ'ĩ pǎ tĩve

1. I PUT up at an old inn at Yarmouth and went down to look at the sea, staggering along the street which was strewn with sand and seaweed and with flying blotches of sea foam, afraid of falling slates and tiles and holding by people I met at angry corners.

Coming near the beach, I saw, not only the boatmen, but half the people of the town lurking behind buildings; some now and then braving the fury of the storm to look away to sea, and blown sheer out of their course in trying to get zigzag back.

Joining these groups, I found bewailing women whose husbands were away in herring or oyster boats, which there was too much reason to think might have foundered before they could run in anywhere for safety.

2. Grizzled old sailors were among the people, shaking their heads as they looked from water to sky and muttering to one another. Even stout mariners, disturbed and anxious, leveled their glasses at the sea from behind places of shelter, as if they were surveying an enemy.

The tremendous sea itself, when I could find sufficient pause to look at it, in the agitation of the blinding wind, the flying stones and sand, and the awful noise, confounded me. As the high, watery walls came rolling in, and, at their highest, tumbled into surf, they looked as if the least would engulf the town.

As the receding wave swept back with a hoarse roar, it seemed to scoop out a deep cave in the beach, as if its purpose were to undermine the earth. When some white-headed billows thundered on and dashed themselves to pieces before they reached the land, every fragment of the late whole seemed possessed by the full might of its wrath, rushing to be gathered to the composition of another monster.

3. Undulating hills were changed to valleys, undulating valleys (with a solitary stormbird sometimes skimming through them) were lifted up to hills; masses of

water shivered and shook the beach with a booming sound.

Every shape tumultuously rolled on, as soon as made, to change its shape and place, and beat another shape and place away; the ideal shore on the horizon, with its towers and buildings, rose and fell; the clouds flew fast and quick; I seemed to see a rending and upheaving of all nature.

4. Not finding Ham among the people, I made my way to his house. It was shut, and as no one answered to my knocking, I went, by backways and by-lanes, to the yard where he worked. I learned there that he had gone to Lowestoft to meet some sudden exigency of ship-repairing in which his skill was required, but that he would be back to-morrow morning in good time.

I went back to the inn; and when I had washed and dressed, and tried to sleep, but in vain, it was five o'clock in the afternoon. I had not sat five minutes by the coffee-room fire when the waiter, coming to stir it, told me that two colliers had gone down, with all hands, a few miles away; and that some other ships had been seen laboring hard in the Roads and trying in great distress to keep off shore.

5. If such a wind could rise, I think it was rising. The howl and roar, the rattling of the doors and windows, the rumbling in the chimneys, the apparent rocking of

the very house that sheltered me, and the prodigious tumult of the sea were more fearful than in the morning.

But there was now a great darkness besides, and that invested the storm with new terrors, real and fanciful. At length, the steady ticking of the undisturbed clock on the wall tormented me to that degree that I resolved to go to bed.

6. When I awoke it was broad day — eight or nine o'clock ; the storm was raging, and some one was knocking and calling at my door.

“What is the matter?” I cried.

“A wreck! Close by!”

I sprang out of bed, and asked, “What wreck?”

“A schooner, from Spain or Portugal, laden with fruit and wine. Make haste, sir, if you want to see her! It’s thought, down on the beach, she’ll go to pieces every moment.”

7. The excited voice went clamoring along the staircase; and I wrapped myself in my clothes as quickly as I could and ran into the street.

Numbers of people were there before me, all running in one direction to the beach. I ran the same way, outstripping a good many, and soon came facing the wild sea. Having upon it the additional agitation of the whole night, it was infinitely more terrific than when I had seen it last.

8. In the difficulty of hearing anything but the wind and waves, and in the crowd and the unspeakable confusion and my first breathless efforts to stand against the weather, I was so confused that I looked out to sea for the wreck and saw nothing but the foaming heads of the great waves.

A half-dressed boatman standing next to me pointed with his bare arm (a tattooed arrow on it, pointing in the same direction) to the left. Then I saw it close in upon us.

One mast was broken short off six or eight feet from the deck and lay over the side, entangled in a maze of sail and rigging; and all that ruin, as the ship rolled and beat,—which she did without a moment's pause and with a violence quite inconceivable,—beat the side as if it would stave it in.

9. Some efforts were even then being made to cut this portion of the wreck away; for as the ship, which was broadside on, turned toward us in her rolling, I plainly descried her people at work with axes.

But a great cry, which was audible even above the wind and water, rose from the shore at this moment; the sea, sweeping over the rolling wreck, made a clean breach and carried men, spars, casks, planks, bulwarks, heaps of such toys into the boiling surge.

10. The second mast was yet standing, with the rags

of a rent sail and a wild confusion of broken cordage flapping to and fro. The ship had struck once, the same boatman hoarsely said in my ear, and then lifted in and struck again.

I understood him to add that she was parting amidships, and I could readily suppose so, for the rolling and beating were too tremendous for any human work to suffer long.

There was a bell on board, and as the ship rolled and dashed, like a desperate creature driven mad, now showing us the whole sweep of her deck as she turned on her beam-ends toward the shore, now nothing but her keel as she sprang wildly over and turned toward the sea, the bell rang and its sound was borne toward us on the wind.

11. Again we lost her, and again she rose. The lifeboat had been bravely manned an hour ago and could do nothing; and as no man would be so desperate as to attempt to wade off with a rope and establish a communication with the shore, there was nothing left to try.

All at once I noticed that some new sensation moved the people on the beach and saw them part and Ham coming breaking through them to the front. I ran to him, held him back with both arms, and implored the men not to let him stir from off that sand! I might as hopefully have entreated the wind.

12. I was swept away, but not unkindly, to some

distance, where the people around me made me stay, urging, as I confusedly perceived, that he was bent on going, with help or without, and that I should endanger the precautions for his safety by troubling those with whom they rested.

I don't know what I answered or what they rejoined ; but I saw them hurrying on the beach and men running with ropes from a capstan that was there, and penetrating into a circle of figures that hid him from me.

Then I saw him standing alone in a seaman's frock and trousers, a rope in his hand or slung to his wrist, another round his body, and several of the best men holding at a little distance to the latter, which he laid out himself, slack upon the shore at his feet.

13. The wreck was breaking up. I saw that she was parting in the middle and that the life of the solitary man upon the mast hung by a thread. Still he clung to it.

Ham watched the sea, standing alone, with the silence of suspended breath behind him and the storm before, until there was a great retiring wave, when, with a backward glance at those who held the rope which was made fast round his body, he dashed in after it, and in a moment was buffeting with the water, rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the foam, then drawn again to land. They hauled in hastily.

14. He was hurt, but he took no thought of that. He



THE SHIPWRECK.

seemed hurriedly to give them some directions for leaving him more free—or so I judged from the motion of his arm—and was gone as before.

And now he made for the wreck, rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the rugged foam, borne in toward the shore, borne on toward the ship, striving hard and valiantly. The distance was nothing, but the power of the sea and wind made the strife deadly.

At length he neared the wreck. He was so near that with one more of his vigorous strokes he would be clinging to it, when a high, green, vast hillside of water moved on shoreward from beyond the ship. He seemed

to leap up into it with a mighty bound, and the ship was gone!

15. Some eddying fragments I saw in the sea, as if a mere cask had been broken, in running to the spot where they were hauling in. Consternation was in every face. They drew him to my very feet — insensible, dead.

He was carried to the nearest house; and, no one preventing me now, I remained near him, busy while every means of restoration was tried; but he had been beaten to death by the great wave, and his generous heart was stilled forever.

MAGGIE TULLIVER AND THE GYPSIES.

BY GEORGE ELIOT.

From "The Mill on the Floss."

MARIAN C. EVANS, known to the literary world by her pen-name of "George Eliot," was born in the north of England about 1820. She was an odd child and a great pet of her father, who delighted in her quaint speeches and thoughts. She had a brother, three years older than herself, who was very dear to her, and the little girl would follow him about the farm, with eyes full of love and admiration.

In her novel "The Mill on the Floss" is a picture of their early home life, Maggie and Tom being herself and her brother.

Her school life began when she was five years old, but she learned slowly. In her ninth year she was sent to a larger school and began to love her books, reading everything she could find. She was full of enthusiasm for all that was brave and heroic, and thirsty for knowledge.

During her girlhood she went to London and there took a course of severe study. She did not begin writing for the public until she was over thirty, "Adam Bede," her first book, being published in 1857.

Her pen was busy the rest of her life, and she took her place as one of the ablest English writers. She wrote a large number of novels, each making her more famous.

Her genius is best shown in her pictures of country life and studies of character. Her busy life closed in 1880.



MAGGIE TULLIVER was an odd little girl, but she was devoted to her brother Tom. A pretty little cousin named Lucy was visiting at her house, and Tom paid so much attention to her that Maggie was neglected.

This made her so angry that she pushed Lucy into the mud and then ran away, thinking she would go and live with the gypsies.

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1. THE gypsies, Maggie considered, would gladly receive her and pay her much respect on account of her superior knowledge. She had once mentioned her views on this point to Tom, and suggested that he should stain his face brown and they should run away together; but Tom rejected the scheme with contempt, observing that

gypsies were thieves and hardly got anything to eat and had nothing to drive but a donkey.

To-day, however, Maggie thought her misery had reached a point at which gipsydom was her only refuge, and she rose from her seat on the roots of the tree with the sense that this was a great crisis in her life; she would run straight away till she came to Dunlow Common, where there would certainly be gypsies, and cruel Tom and the rest of her relations who found fault with her should never see her any more.

2. She thought of her father as she ran along, but she reconciled herself to the idea of parting with him by determining that she would secretly send him a letter by a small gypsy, who would run away without telling where she was, and just let him know that she was well and happy and always loved him very much.

Maggie soon got out of breath with running and stopped to pant a little, reflecting that running away was not a pleasant thing until one had got quite to the common where the gypsies were. But her resolution had not abated; she presently passed through the gate into the lane, not knowing where it would lead her.

3. She was used to wandering about the fields by herself, and was less timid there than on the highroad. Sometimes she had to climb over high gates, but that was a small evil; she was getting out of reach very fast.

At last, however, the green fields came to an end, and Maggie found herself looking through the bars of a gate into a lane with a wide margin of grass on each side of it.

She crept through the bars of the gate and walked on with new spirit, though not without haunting images of a highwayman with a pistol and a blinking dwarf in yellow with a mouth from ear to ear; for poor little Maggie had at once the timidity of an active imagination and the daring that comes from impulse.

4. It was not without a leaping of the heart that she caught sight of a small pair of bare legs sticking up, feet uppermost, by the side of a hillock. It was a boy asleep; and Maggie trotted along faster and more lightly, lest she should wake him.

It did not occur to her that he was one of her friends, the gypsies, who in all probability would have very genial manners. But the fact was so, for at the next bend in the lane Maggie actually saw the little semi-circular black tent, with the blue smoke rising before it, which was to be her refuge.

She even saw a tall female figure by the column of smoke, — doubtless the gypsy mother, who provided the tea and other groceries; it was astonishing to herself that she did not feel more delighted.

5. It was plain she had attracted attention, for the tall figure, who proved to be a young woman with a



MAGGIE MEETS THE GYPSY

baby on her arm, walked slowly to meet her. Maggie looked up in the new face rather tremblingly as it approached.

"My little lady, where are you going to?" the gypsy said, in a tone of coaxing deference.

It was delightful and just what Maggie expected; the gypsies saw at once that she was a little lady, and were prepared to treat her accordingly.

"Not any farther," said Maggie, feeling as if she were saying what she had rehearsed in a dream. "I'm come to stay with you, please."

"That's pretty; come, then. Why, what a nice little lady you are, to be sure," said the gypsy, taking her by the hand. Maggie thought her very agreeable, but wished she had not been so dirty.

6. There was quite a group round the fire when they reached it. An old gypsy woman was seated on the ground; two small shock-headed children were lying prone and resting on their elbows, and a placid donkey was bending his head over a tall girl, who, lying on her back, was scratching his nose and indulging him with a bite of excellent stolen hay.

The slanting sunlight fell kindly upon them, and the scene was very pretty and comfortable, Maggie thought, only she hoped they would soon set out the tea-cups. Everything would be quite charming when she had

taught the gypsies to use a washing-basin and to feel an interest in books.

7. It was a little confusing, though, that the young woman began to speak to the old one in a language which Maggie did not understand. while the tall girl who was feeding the donkey sat up and stared at her without offering any salutation. At last the old woman said :

“What, my pretty lady, are you come to stay with us? Sit ye down and tell us where you come from.”

It was just like a story; Maggie liked to be called pretty lady and treated in this way. She sat down and said :

“I’m come from home because I’m unhappy, and I mean to be a gypsy. I’ll live with you, if you like, and I can teach you a great many things.”

8. “Such a clever little lady,” said the woman with the baby, sitting down by Maggie and allowing baby to crawl; “and such a pretty bonnet and frock,” she added, taking off Maggie’s bonnet and looking at it, while she made an observation in the unknown language to the old woman. The tall girl snatched the bonnet and put it on her own head hind-foremost, with a grin; but Maggie was determined not to show any weakness on this subject.

“I don’t want to wear a bonnet,” she said; “I’d rather wear a red handkerchief like yours.”

“Oh, what a nice little lady!—and rich, I’m sure,” said the old woman. “Did n’t you live in a beautiful house at home?”

9. “Yes, my home is pretty, and I’m very fond of the river where we go fishing; but I’m often very unhappy. I should have liked to bring my books with me, but I came away in a hurry, you know. But I can tell you almost everything there is in my books, I’ve read them so many times, and that will amuse you. And I can tell you something about geography, too—that’s about the world we live in—very useful and interesting. Did you ever hear about Columbus?”

10. Maggie’s eyes had begun to sparkle and her cheeks to flush—she was really beginning to instruct the gypsies and gaining great influence over them. The gypsies themselves were not without amazement at this talk, though their attention was divided by the contents of Maggie’s pocket, which the friend at her right hand had by this time emptied without attracting her notice.

“Is that where you live, my little lady?” said the old woman at the mention of Columbus.

“Oh, no!” said Maggie, with some pity; “Columbus was a very wonderful man who found out half the world, and they put chains on him, and treated him very badly, you know—it’s in my catechism of geography—but

perhaps it's rather too long to tell before tea. I want my tea so."

11. "Why, she's hungry, poor little lady," said the younger woman. "Give her some o' the cold victual. You've been walking a good way, I'll be bound, my dear. Where's your home?"

"It's Dorlcote Mill, a good way off," said Maggie. "My father is Mr. Tulliver; but we mustn't let him know where I am, else he'll fetch me home again. Where does the queen of the gypsies live?"

"What! do you want to go to her, my little lady?" said the younger woman.

"No," said Maggie; "I'm only thinking that if she isn't a very good queen you might be glad when she died and you could choose another. If I was a queen, I'd be a very good queen and kind to everybody."

"Here's a bit o' nice victual, then," said the old woman, handing to Maggie a lump of dry bread, which she had taken from a bag of scraps, and a piece of cold bacon.

12. "Thank you," said Maggie, looking at the food without taking it; "but will you give me some bread and butter and tea instead? I don't like bacon."

"We've no tea nor butter," said the old woman, with something like a scowl, as if she were getting tired of coaxing.

“Oh, a little bread and treacle would do,” said Maggie.

“We’ve no treacle,” said the old woman crossly; whereupon there followed a sharp dialogue between the two women in their unknown tongue, and one of the small children snatched at the bread and bacon and began to eat it.

At this moment the tall girl, who had gone a few yards off, came back and said something which produced a strong effect. The old woman, seeming to forget Maggie’s hunger, poked the skewer into the pot with new vigor, and the younger crept under the tent and reached out some platters and spoons.

13. Maggie trembled a little and was afraid the tears would come into her eyes. But the springing tears were checked by a new terror when two men came up. The elder of the two carried a bag, which he flung down, addressing the women in a loud and scolding tone, while a black cur ran barking up to Maggie and threw her into a tremor.

Maggie felt that it was impossible she should ever be queen of these people or ever communicate to them amusing and useful knowledge.

Both the men now seemed to be inquiring about Maggie, for they looked at her, and the tone of the conversation became of that kind which implies curiosity on

one side and the power of satisfying it on the other. At last the younger woman said, in her coaxing tone :

“ This nice little lady ’s come to live with us; aren’t you glad ? ”

14. “ Ay, very glad,” said the younger, who was looking at Maggie’s silver thimble and other small matters that had been taken from her pocket. He returned them all, except the thimble, to the younger woman, and she immediately restored them to Maggie’s pocket, while the men seated themselves and began to attack the contents of the kettle. — a stew of meat and potatoes. — which had been taken off the fire and turned out into a yellow platter.

Maggie began to think that Tom must be right about the gypsies; they must certainly be thieves, unless the man meant to return her thimble by and by. She would willingly have given it to him, for she was not at all attached to her thimble; but the idea that she was among thieves prevented her from feeling any comfort in the revival of attention toward her. All thieves except Robin Hood were wicked people. The woman saw that she was frightened.

15. “ We ’ve got nothing nice for a lady to eat,” said the old woman, in her coaxing tone. “ And she ’s so hungry, sweet little lady.”

“ Here, my dear, try if you can eat a bit o’ this,” said the younger woman, handing some of the stew on a

brown dish with an iron spoon to Maggie, who, remembering that the old woman had seemed angry with her for not liking the bread and bacon, dared not refuse the stew, though fear had chased away her appetite.

If her father would but come by in the gig and take her up! Or even if Jack the Giant-killer, or Mr. Greatheart, or St. George, who slew the dragon on the half-pennies, would happen to pass that way! But Maggie thought with a sinking heart that these heroes were never seen in the neighborhood of St. Ogg's. Nothing very wonderful ever came there.

16. Her ideas about the gypsies had undergone a rapid modification in the last five minutes. From having considered them very respectful companions, she had begun to think that they meant perhaps to kill her as soon as it was dark. It was no use trying to eat the stew, and yet the thing she most dreaded was to offend the gypsies.

"What! you don't like the smell of it, my dear," said the young woman, observing that Maggie did not even take a spoonful of the stew. "Try a bit, come."

"No, thank you," said Maggie, trying to smile in a friendly way. "I have n't time, I think; it seems getting darker. I think I must go home now and come again another day, and then I can bring you a basket with some jam tarts and nice things."

17. Maggie rose from her seat; but her hope sank when the old gypsy woman said, "Stop a bit, stop a bit, little lady; we'll take you home, all safe, when we've done supper. You shall ride home like a lady."

Maggie sat down again, with little faith in this promise, though she presently saw the tall girl putting a bridle on the donkey and throwing a couple of bags on his back.

"Now, then, little missis," said the younger man, rising and leading the donkey forward, "tell us where you live; what's the name o' the place?"

"Dorlcote Mill is my home," said Maggie eagerly. "My father is Mr. Tulliver; he lives there."

"What! a big mill a little way this side o' St. Ogg's?"

"Yes," said Maggie. "Is it far off? I think I should like to walk there, if you please."

18. "No, no, it'll be getting dark; we must make haste. And the donkey'll carry you as nice as can be; you'll see."

He lifted Maggie as he spoke and set her on the donkey.

"Here's your pretty bonnet," said the younger woman, putting that recently despised but now welcome article of costume on Maggie's head; "and you'll say we've been very good to you, won't you? and what a nice little lady we said you was?"

“Oh, yes, thank you,” said Maggie. “I’m very much obliged to you. But I wish you’d go with me, too.” She thought anything was better than going with one of the dreadful men alone.

“Ah! you’re fondest o’ me, aren’t you?” said the woman. “But I can’t go; you’ll go too fast for me.”

19. It now appeared that the man also was to be seated on the donkey, holding Maggie before him. When the woman had patted her on the back and said “Good-bye,” the donkey, at a strong hint from the man’s stick, set off at a rapid walk along the lane toward the point Maggie had come from an hour ago. The tall girl and the rough urchin, also furnished with sticks, obligingly escorted them for the first hundred yards, with much screaming and thwacking.

Much terrified was poor Maggie in this entirely natural ride on a short-paced donkey, with a gypsy behind her, who considered that he was earning half a crown.

The red light of the setting sun seemed to have a portentous meaning, with which the alarming bray of the second donkey with the log on its foot must surely have some connection.

20. Two low, thatched cottages — the only houses they passed in this lane — seemed to add to its dreariness; they had no windows to speak of, and the doors were closed. It was probable that they were inhabited by

witches, and it was a relief to find that the donkey did not stop there.

At last — oh, sight of joy! — this lane, the longest in the world, was coming to an end, was opening on a broad highroad, where there was actually a coach passing! The gypsy really meant to take her home, then; he was probably a good man, after all, and might have been rather hurt at the thought that she did n't like coming with him alone.

This idea became stronger as she felt more and more certain that she knew the road quite well, and she was considering how she might open a conversation with the injured gypsy when, as they reached a cross-road, Maggie caught sight of some one coming on a white-faced horse.

21. “Oh, stop, stop!” she cried out. “There’s my father! O, father, father!”

The sudden joy was almost painful, and before her father reached her she was sobbing. Great was Mr. Tuliver’s wonder, for he had made a round from Basset and had not yet been home.

“Why, what’s the meaning o’ this?” he said, checking his horse, while Maggie slipped from the donkey and ran to her father’s stirrup.

“The little miss lost herself, I reckon,” said the gypsy. “She’d come to our tent at the far end o’ Dunlow Lane, and I was bringing her where she said her home was.

It's a good way to come arter being on the tramp all day."

22. "Oh, yes, father, he's been very good to bring me home," said Maggie. "A very kind, good man!"

"Here, then, my man," said Mr. Tulliver, taking out five shillings. "It's the best day's work you ever did. I could n't afford to lose my darling girl; here, lift her up before me."

"Why, Maggie, how's this? how's this?" he said as they rode along, while she laid her head against her father and sobbed. "How came you to be rambling about and lose yourself?"

23. "O father," sobbed Maggie, "I ran away because I was so unhappy. Tom was so angry with me. I could n't bear it."

"Pooh! pooh!" said Mr. Tulliver soothingly, "you must n't think o' running away from father. What would father do without his little girl?"

"Oh, no, I never will again, father — never."

Mr. Tulliver spoke his mind very strongly when he reached home that evening. Maggie never heard one reproach from her mother or one taunt from Tom about her running away to the gypsies.

Maggie was rather awe-stricken by this unusual treatment and sometimes thought that her conduct had been too wicked to be alluded to.

THE SHELL.

By ALFRED TENNYSON.

SEE what a lovely shell,
Small and pure as a pearl,
Lying close to my foot,
Frail, but a work divine,
Made so fairly well
With delicate spire and whorl,
How exquisitely minute,
A miracle of design!

What is it? A learned man
Could give it a clumsy name.
Let him name it who can,
The beauty would be the same.

The tiny cell is forlorn,
Void of the living will
That made it stir on the shore.
Did he stand at the diamond door
Of his house in a rainbow frill?
Did he push, when he was uncurled,
A golden foot or a fairy horn
Through his dim water world?

Slight, to be crushed with a tap
 Of my finger nail on the sand!
 Small, but a work divine!
 Frail, but of force to withstand,
 Year upon year, the shock
 Of cataract seas that snap
 The three-decker's oaken spine
 Athwart the ledges of rock,
 Here on the Breton strand!

THE TWO HERD-BOYS.

(Abridged.)

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

măn ũ făc'tûre	în těl'lî ġence
ěs tăb'lîsh ments	coun'tě nanġe
grösch'en	kō'böldŝ
thä'lěr	dîs în clîned'

1. WHEN I was in Germany I spent several weeks of the summer time in a small town among the Thuringian Mountains. There is not much farming land. The men cut wood, the women spin flax and bleach linen, and the children gather berries, tend cattle on the high mountain pastures, or act as guides to the summer travelers.

A great many find employment in the manufacture of toys, for which there are several establishments in this region, producing annually many thousands of crying and speaking dolls, bleating lambs, barking dogs, and roaring lions.

2. Behind the town where I lived, there was a spur of the mountains, crowned by the walls of a castle built by one of the dukes who ruled over that part of Saxony eight or nine hundred years ago.

In many places the forest had been cut away, leaving open tracts where the sweet mountain grass grew thick and strong, and where there were always masses of heather, harebells, foxgloves, and wild pinks.

Every morning all the cattle of the town were driven up to these pastures, each animal with a bell hanging to its neck, and the sound of so many hundred bells tinkling all at once made a chime which could be heard at a long distance.

3. One of my favorite walks was to mount to the ruined castle and pass beyond it to the flowery pasture slopes, from which I had a wide view of the level country to the north and the mountain ridges on both sides.

One day during my ramble I came upon two smaller herds of cattle, each tended by a single boy. They were near each other, but not on the same pasture, for there was a deep hollow, or dell, between.

As I came out of a thicket upon the clearing on one side of the hollow, the herd-boy tending the cattle nearest to me was sitting among the grass and singing with all his might the German song commencing,

“Tra, ri, ro !

The summer ’s here, I know !”

His back was towards me, but I noticed that his elbows were moving very rapidly. Curious to learn what he was doing, I slipped quietly around some bushes to a point where I could see him distinctly, and found that he was knitting a woolen stocking. Presently he lifted his head, looked across to the opposite pasture, and cried out, “Hans ! the cows !”

4. I looked also, and saw another boy of about the same age start up and run after his cattle, the last one of which was entering the forests. Then the boy near me gave a glance at his own cattle, which were quietly grazing on the slope a little below him, and went on with his knitting.

I prevailed upon him to tell me his name and age. He was called Otto and was twelve years old ; his father was a woodcutter, and his mother spun and bleached linen.

“And how much,” I asked him, “do you get for taking care of the cattle?”

5. "I am to have five thalers" (about four dollars), he answered, "for the whole summer. But it does n't go to me; it's for father. But then I make a good many groschen by knitting, and that's for my winter clothes.

"Last year I could buy a coat, and this year I want to get enough for trousers and new shoes. Since the cattle know me so well, I have only to talk and they mind me; and that, you see, gives me plenty of time to knit."

"I see," I said; "it's a very good arrangement. I suppose the cattle over on the other pasture don't know their boy? He has not got them all out of the woods yet."

"Yes, they know him," said Otto, "and that's the reason they slip away. But then cattle mind some persons better than others; I've seen that much."

6. Here he stopped talking and commenced knitting again. He evidently wanted to make the most of his time. Then I again looked across the hollow, where Hans—the other boy—had at last collected his cows.

He stood on the top of a rock flinging stones down the steep slope. When he had no more he stuck his hands in his pockets and whistled loudly to draw Otto's attention; but the latter pretended not to hear.

7. A few days afterwards I went up to the pasture again, and came, by chance, to the head of the little dell dividing the two herds. The first object which attracted

my attention was Otto, knitting, as usual, beside his herd of cows.

Then I turned to the other side to discover what Hans was doing. His cattle this time were not straying; but neither did he appear to be minding them in the least. He was walking on the mountain side with his eyes fixed upon the ground.

Sometimes he would walk on, pull a blue flower and then a yellow one, look at them sharply, and throw them away. "What is he after?" I said to myself.

8. The cattle were no doubt acquainted with his ways (it is astonishing how much intelligence they have!) and they immediately began to move towards the forest and would soon have wandered away if I had not headed them off and driven them back. Then I followed them, much to the surprise of Hans, who had been aroused by the noise of their bells as they ran from me.

"You don't keep a very good watch, my boy!" I said.

As he made no answer, I asked, "Have you lost anything?"

"No," he then said.

"What have you been hunting so long?"

He looked confused, turned away his head, and muttered, "Nothing."

9. This made me sure he had been hunting something, and I felt a little curiosity to know what it was. But,

although I asked him again and offered to help him hunt it, he would tell me nothing. He had a restless and rather unhappy look, quite different from the bright, cheerful eyes and pleasant countenance of Otto.

His father, he said, worked in a mill below the town and got good wages; so he was allowed half the pay for tending the cattle during the summer.

“What will you do with the money?” I asked.

“Oh, I’ll soon spend it,” he said. “I could spend a hundred times that much if I had it.”

“Indeed!” I exclaimed. “No doubt it’s all the better that you have n’t it.”

10. He did not seem to like this remark and was afterwards disinclined to talk; so I left him and went over to Otto, who was as busy and cheerful as ever.

“Otto,” said I, “do you know what Hans is hunting all over the pasture? Has he lost anything?”

“No,” Otto answered, “he has not lost anything, and I don’t believe he will find anything, either. Because, even if it’s all true, they say you never come across it when you look for it, but it just shows itself all at once when you’re not expecting it.”

“What is it, then?” I asked.

11. Otto looked at me a moment and seemed to hesitate. He appeared also to be a little surprised. He finally asked, “Don’t you know, sir, what the shepherd

found, somewhere about here, a great many hundred years ago?"

"No," I answered.

"Not the key-flower?"

Then I did know what he meant and understood the whole matter in a moment. But I wanted to know what Otto had heard of the story, and therefore said to him, "I wish you would tell me all about it."

12. "Well," he began, "some say it was true and some that it was n't. At any rate, it was a long, long while ago, and there's no telling how much to believe. My grandmother told me; but, then, she did n't know the man. She only heard about him from her grandmother. He was a shepherd and used to tend his sheep on the mountain—or maybe it was cows, I'm not sure—in some place where there were a great many kobolds and fairies.

13. "It was in summer, and he was walking along after his sheep, when all at once he saw a wonderful, sky-blue flower, of a kind he had never seen before in all his life. Some people say it was sky-blue and some that it was golden yellow; I don't know which is right. Well, however it was, there was the wonderful flower, as large as your hand, growing in the grass.

"The shepherd stooped down and broke the stem; but just as he was lifting up the flower to examine it he saw

that there was a door in the side of the mountain. Now, he had been over the ground a hundred times before and had never seen anything of the kind.

“He looked into it for a long time and at last plucked up heart and in he went. After forty or fifty steps he found himself in a large hall full of chests of gold and diamonds. There was an old kobold with a white beard sitting in a chair beside a large table in the middle of the hall.

“The shepherd was at first frightened, but the kobold looked at him with a friendly face and said, ‘Take what you want, and don’t forget the best!’

14. “So the shepherd laid the flower on the table and went to work and filled his pockets with the gold and diamonds. When he had as much as he could carry the kobold said again, ‘Don’t forget the best!’ ‘That I won’t,’ the shepherd thought to himself, and took more gold and the biggest diamonds he could find, and filled his hat so that he could scarcely stagger under the load.

“He was leaving the hall when the kobold cried out, ‘Don’t forget the best!’ But he could n’t carry any more and went on, never minding. When he reached the door on the mountain side, he heard the voice again for the last time, ‘Don’t forget the best!’

15. “The next minute he was out on the pasture. When he looked around, the door had disappeared; his

pockets and hat grew light all at once, and instead of gold and diamonds he found nothing but dry leaves and pebbles. He was as poor as ever, and all because he had forgotten the best.

“Now, sir, do you know what the best was? Why, it was the flower which he had left on the table in the kobold’s hall. That was the key-flower. When you find it and pull it, the door is opened to all the treasures under ground.

“If the shepherd had kept it, the gold and diamonds would have stayed so ; and, besides, the door would have been always open to him, and he could then help himself whenever he wanted.”

16. “Did you ever look for the key-flower?” I asked Otto.

He grew a little red in the face, then laughed, and answered: “Oh, that was the first summer I tended the cattle, and I soon got tired of it. But I guess the flower does n’t grow any more now.”

“How long has Hans been looking for it?”

“He looks every day,” said Otto, “when he gets tired of doing nothing. But I should n’t wonder if he was thinking about it all the time, or he’d look after his cattle better than he does.”

17. As I walked down the mountain that afternoon I thought a great deal about these two herd-boys and the

story of the key-flower. Up to this time the story had only seemed to me to be a curious and beautiful fairy tale; but now I began to think it might mean something more. Here was Hans neglecting his cows and making himself restless and unhappy in the hope of some day finding the key-flower; while Otto, who remembered that it can't be found by hunting for it, was attentive to his task, always earning a little, and always contented.

Therefore, the next time I walked up to the pastures I went straight to Hans. "Have you found the key-flower yet?" I asked.

18. There was a curious expression upon his face. He appeared to be partly ashamed of what he must now and then have suspected to be a folly, and partly anxious to know if I could tell him where the flower grew.

"See here, Hans," said I, seating myself upon a rock. "Don't you know that those who hunt for it never find it? Of course you have not found it, and you never will, in this way. But even if you should, you are so anxious for the gold and diamonds that you would be sure to forget the best, just as the shepherd did, and would find nothing but leaves and pebbles in your pockets."

"Oh, no!" he exclaimed; "that's just what I would n't do."

19. "Don't you forget your work every day?" I asked. "You are forgetting the best all the time, — I mean the

best that you have at present. Now, I believe there is a key-flower growing on these very mountains; and, what is more, Otto has found it!”

He looked at me in astonishment.

“Don’t you see,” I continued, “how happy and contented he is all the day long? He does not work as hard at his knitting as you do in hunting for the flower; and, although you get half your summer’s wages and he nothing, he will be richer than you in the fall. He will have a small piece of gold, and it won’t change into a leaf. Besides, when a boy is contented and happy he has gold and diamonds.”

20. I saw that Hans was not a bad boy; he was simply restless, impatient, and perhaps a little inclined to envy those in better circumstances. I knew it would be difficult for him to change his habits of thinking and wishing. But, after a long talk, he promised me he would try, and that was as much as I expected.

Now you may want to know whether he did try, and I am sorry that I cannot tell you. I left the place soon afterwards and have never been there since. Let us all hope, however, that he found the real key-flower.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

By ROBERT BROWNING.

A GREAT English poet, much praised by his admirers, and yet by no means popular or widely read, is Robert Browning. He was born near London in 1812, and received a good education.

At an early age he began to write poetry and continued to write during all his long life. From the first he showed originality and was little governed by popular opinion. He married Elizabeth Barrett, the author of many beautiful poems.

Mr. Browning is best known by a few short poems which have been widely read. Among these are the following: "Incident of the French Camp," "How we Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," and "The Pied Piper of Hamelin."

Mr. Browning died in Venice in 1889.

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon;
 A mile or so away,
 On a little mound, Napoleon
 Stood on our storming day;
 With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
 Legs wide, arms locked behind,
 As if to balance the prone brow
 Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
 That soar to earth may fall,
 Let once my army leader Lannes
 Waver at yonder wall."



NAPOLEON AND THE WOUNDED BOY.

Out 'twixt the battery smokes there flew
 A rider, bound on bound
 Full-galloping ; nor bridle drew
 Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
 And held himself erect
 By just his horse's mane, a boy ;
 You hardly could suspect
 So tight he kept his lips compressed,
 Scarce any blood came through —
 You looked twice ere you saw his breast
 Was all but shot in two.

“Well,” cried he, “Emperor, by God’s grace
We’ve got you Ratisbon !
The Marshal’s in the market-place,
And you’ll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart’s desire,
Perched him !” The chief’s eye flashed ; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief’s eye flashed ; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother eagle’s eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes.
“You’re wounded !” “Nay,” the soldier’s pride
Touched to the quick, he said,
“I’m killed, Sire !” And his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

MARY ELIZABETH.

HER TRUE STORY.

(Abridged.)

By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

It may be remembered that we had in the Third Reader a most interesting selection by Miss Phelps, called "Tiny's First and Only Lie."

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps was the daughter of Austin Phelps, a famous preacher and professor at the Theological Seminary in Andover, Mass., and also the granddaughter of Moses Stuart, another famous professor at the same theological school.

Miss Phelps began to write stories at an early age and has been busy with her pen for these many years. Her "Trotty" and "Gypsy" books have been widely read. These popular juveniles still hold a high rank with young readers.

You will wish to read some day her sketch entitled "The Tenth of January," a most vivid and romantic story of the terrible catastrophe at Lawrence, almost forty years ago, when the Pemberton Mill fell.

While Miss Phelps has written notable juvenile books, she is most favorably known by her novels intended for adult readers. She gained fame by the signal ability shown by the publication of "Gates Ajar," published in 1868.

No doubt you will wish to read, when you are older, "The Silent



Partner"; "Hedged In"; "A Singular Life"; "Jack the Fisherman"; "A Madonna of the Tubs"; and other famous books by this talented author.

Miss Phelps was married a few years ago to Mr. Ward, but she is known to the literary world by her maiden name.

dēs pēr ā'tion (shŭn)

dē bauch'

dīs'sī pā tēd

cōr'rī dōr

1. MARY ELIZABETH was a little girl with a long name. She was poor, she was sick, she was ragged, she was dirty, she was cold, she was hungry, she was frightened. She had no home, she had no mother, she had no father. She had no supper, she had had no dinner, she had had no breakfast. She had no place to go and nobody to care whether she went or not.

In fact, Mary Elizabeth had not much of anything but a short pink calico dress, a little red cotton-and-wool shawl, and her long name. Besides this, she had a pair of old rubbers too large for her.

2. She was walking up Washington Street in Boston. It was late in the afternoon of a bitter January day. Already the lamplighters were coming with their long poles, and gaslights began to flash upon the grayness — neither day nor night — through which the child watched the people moving dimly, with a wonder in her heart. This wonder was as confused as the half-light in which the crowd hurried by.

“God made so many people,” thought Mary Elizabeth, “he must have made so many suppers. Seems as if there ’d ought to been one for one extry little girl.”

But she thought this in a gentle way. She was a very gentle little girl. All girls who had n’t anything were not like Mary Elizabeth.

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3. So now she was shuffling up Washington Street, not knowing exactly what to do next, — peeping into people’s faces, timidly looking away from them, hesitating, heart-sick (for a very little girl can be very heartsick), colder, she thought, every minute and hungrier each hour than she was the hour before.

The child left Washington Street at last, where everybody had homes and suppers without one extra one to spare for a little girl, and turned into a short, bright, showy street, where stood a great hotel.

4. Whether the door-keeper was away, or busy, or sick, or careless, or whether the head waiter at the dining-room door was so tall that he could n’t see so short a beggar, or whether the clerk at the desk was so noisy that he could n’t hear so still a beggar, or however it was, Mary Elizabeth did get in; by the door-keeper, past the head waiter, under the shadow of the clerk, over the smooth, slippery, marble floor the child crept on.

She came to the office door and stood still. She looked around her with wide eyes. She had never seen a place like that. Lights flashed over it, many and bright. Gentlemen sat in it smoking and reading. They were all warm. Not one of them looked as if he had had no dinner and no breakfast and no supper.

5. "How many extry suppers," thought the little girl, "it must ha' taken to feed 'em all. I guess maybe there 'll be one for me in here."

Mary Elizabeth stood in the middle of it, in her pink calico dress and red plaid shawl. The shawl was tied over her head and about her neck with a ragged tippet.

She looked very funny and round behind, like the wooden women in the Noah's ark. Her bare feet showed in the old rubbers. She began to shuffle about the room, holding out one purple little hand.

6. One or two of the gentlemen laughed; some frowned; more did nothing at all; most did not notice, or did not seem to notice, the child. One said:

"What 's the matter here?"

Mary Elizabeth shuffled on. She went from one to another, less timidly; a kind of desperation had taken possession of her. The odors from the dining-room came in, of strong, hot coffee and strange, roast meats. Mary Elizabeth thought of Jo.

It seemed to her she was so hungry that, if she could

not get a supper, she should jump up and run and rush about and snatch something and steal, like Jo. She held out her hand, but only said :

“I ’m hungry !”

7. A gentleman called her. He was the gentleman who had asked, “What’s the matter here ?” He called her in behind his daily newspaper which was big enough to hide three of Mary Elizabeth, and when he saw that nobody was looking he gave her a five-cent piece in a hurry, as if he had committed a sin, and quickly said :

“There, there, child ! go, now, go !”

Then he began to read his newspaper quite hard and fast and to look severe, as one does who never gives anything to beggars, as a matter of principle.

But nobody else gave anything to Mary Elizabeth. She shuffled from one to another hopelessly. Every gentleman shook his head. One called for a waiter to put her cut. This frightened her and she stood still.

8. Over by a window, in a lonely corner of the great room, a young man was sitting, apart from the others. He sat with his elbows on the table and his face buried in his arms. He was a well-dressed young man, with brown, curling hair.

Mary Elizabeth wondered why he looked so miserable and why he sat alone. She thought, perhaps, if he weren’t so happy as the other gentlemen, he would be

more sorry for cold and hungry girls. She hesitated, then walked along and directly up to him.

9. One or two gentlemen laid down their papers and watched this; they smiled and nodded at each other. The child did not see them, to wonder why. She went up and put her hand upon the young man's arm.

He started. The brown, curly head lifted itself from the shelter of his arms; a young face looked sharply at the beggar girl, — a beautiful young face it might have been.

It was haggard now and dreadful to look at, — bloated and badly marked with the unmistakable marks of a wicked week's debauch. He roughly said:

“What do you want?”

“I'm hungry,” said Mary Elizabeth.

“I can't help that. Go away.”

“I have n't had anything to eat for a whole day — a whole day!” repeated the child.

10. Her lip quivered. But she spoke distinctly. Her voice sounded through the room. One gentleman after another had laid down his paper or his pipe. Several were watching this little scene.

“Go away!” repeated the young man irritably. “Don't bother me. I have n't had anything to eat for three days!”

His face went down into his arms again. Mary Elizabeth stood staring at the brown, curling hair. She stood

perfectly still for some moments. She evidently was greatly puzzled. She walked away a little distance, then stopped and thought it over.

And now paper after paper and pipe after cigar went down. Every gentleman in the room began to look on. The young man with the beautiful brown curls and dissipated, disgraced, and hidden face was not stiller than the rest.

The little figure in the pink calico and the red shawl and big rubbers stood for a moment silent among them all. The waiter came to take her out, but the gentlemen motioned him away.

11. Mary Elizabeth turned her five-cent piece over and over slowly in her purple hand. Her hand shook. The tears came. The smell of the dinner from the dining-room grew savory and strong. The child put the piece of money to her lips as if she could have eaten it, then turned and, without further hesitation, went back.

She touched the young man — on the bright hair this time — with her trembling little hand.

The room was so still now that what she said rang out to the corridor, where the waiters stood, with the clerk behind looking over the desk to see.

“I’m sorry you are so hungry. If you haven’t had anything for three days, you must be hungrier than me. I’ve got five cents. A gentleman gave it to me. I wish



MARY ELIZABETH'S GENEROUS DEED.

you would take it. I've only gone one day. You can get some supper with it, and — maybe — I — can get some somewheres! I wish you'd please to take it!"

12. Mary Elizabeth stood quite still, holding out her five-cent piece. She did not understand the stir that went all over the bright room. She did not see that some of the gentlemen coughed and wiped their spectacles.

She did not know why the brown curls before her came up with such a start, nor why the young man's wasted face flushed red and hot with noble shame.

She did not in the least understand why he flung the five-cent piece upon the table, and, snatching her in his

arms, held her fast and hid his face on her plaid shawl and sobbed. Nor did she know what could be the reason that nobody seemed amused to see this gentleman cry.

The gentleman who had given her the money came up, and some more came up, and they gathered round, and she in the midst of them, and they all spoke kindly, and the young man with the bad face that might have been so beautiful stood up, still clinging to her, and said aloud :

“She’s shamed me before you all, and she’s shamed me to myself! I’ll learn a lesson from this beggar, so help me God!”

13. So then he took the child upon his knee, and the gentlemen came up to listen, and the young man asked her what her name was.

“Mary Elizabeth, sir.”

“Names used to mean things — in the Bible — when I was as little as you. I read the Bible then. Does Mary Elizabeth mean angel of rebuke?”

“Sir?”

“Where do you live, Mary Elizabeth?”

“Nowhere, sir.”

“Where do you sleep?”

“In Mrs. O’Flynn’s shed, sir. It’s too cold for the cows. She’s so kind, she lets us stay.”

“Whom do you stay with?”

14. "Nobody, only Jo."

"Is Jo your brother?"

"No, sir. Jo is a girl. I have n't got only Jo."

"What does Jo do for a living?"

"She — gets it, sir."

"And what do you do?"

"*I beg.* It's better than to — get it, sir, I think."

"Where's your mother?"

"Dead."

"What did she die of?"

"Drink, sir," said Mary Elizabeth, in her distinct and gentle tone.

"Ah — well. And your father?"

"He is dead. He died in prison."

"What sent him to prison?"

"Drink, sir."

"Oh!"

15. "I had a brother once," continued Mary Elizabeth, who grew quite eloquent with so large an audience, "but he died, too."

"I do want my supper," she added, after a pause, speaking in a whisper, as if to Jo or to herself, "and Jo'll be wondering for me."

"Wait, then," said the young man. "I'll see if *I* can't beg enough to get you your supper."

"I thought there must be an extry one among so many

folks!" cried Mary Elizabeth ; for now, she thought, she should get back her five cents.

And, truly, the young man put the five cents into his hat, to begin with. Then he took out his purse, and put in something that made less noise than the five-cent piece and something more and more and more.

Then he passed around the great room, walking still unsteadily, and the gentleman who gave the five cents and all the gentlemen put something into the young man's hat.

16. So when he came back to the table he emptied the hat and counted the money, and, truly, it was forty dollars.

"Forty dollars!"

Mary Elizabeth looked frightened.

"It's yours," said the young man. "Now come to supper. But see! this gentleman who gave you the five-cent piece shall take care of the money for you. You can trust him. He's got a wife, too. But we'll come to supper now."

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17. So the young man took her by the hand, and the gentleman whose wife knew all about what to do with orphans took her by the other hand, and one or two more gentlemen followed, and they all went out into the dining-room, and put Mary Elizabeth in a chair at a

clean white table, and asked her what she wanted for her supper.

Mary Elizabeth said that a little dry toast and a cup of milk would do nicely. So all the gentlemen laughed. And she wondered why.

And the young man with the brown curls laughed, too, and began to look quite happy. But he ordered chicken and cranberry sauce and mashed potatoes and celery and rolls and butter and tomatoes and an ice cream and a cup of tea and nuts and raisins and cake and custard and apples and grapes.

18. And Mary Elizabeth sat in her pink dress and red shawl and ate the whole ; and why it did n't kill her nobody knows ; but it did n't.

The young man with the face that might have been beautiful — that might yet be, one would have thought who had seen him then — stood watching the little girl.

“She ’s preached me a better sermon,” he said below his breath ; “better than all the ministers I ever heard in all the churches. May God bless her ! I wish there were a thousand like her in this selfish world !”

And when I heard about it I wished so, too.

THE OLD WAR HORSE TELLS HIS STORY.

BY ANNA SEWALL.

“BLACK BEAUTY” is well known to many of the boys and girls. It is the story of a horse and his companions which has been widely read, and each reader becomes one of Black Beauty’s friends before he finishes the book.

Mrs. Sewall has studied animals until she understands what they would wish to say if they could talk, and her delightful story makes us more thoughtful and kind to them.

The old war horse was in the stable with Black Beauty and told him his story.

bāy'ō nĕts

slaugh'tĕr

1. CAPTAIN had been broken in and trained for an army horse ; his first owner was an officer of cavalry going out to the Crimean War. He said he quite enjoyed the training with all the other horses, trotting together, turning together to the right hand or the left, halting at the word of command, or dashing forward at full speed at the sound of the trumpet or signal of the officer.

He was, when young, a dark, dappled, iron gray, and considered very handsome. His master, a young, high-spirited gentleman, was very fond of him, and treated him from the first with the greatest care and kindness.

He told me he thought the life of an army horse was very pleasant ; but when it came to being sent abroad over the sea in a great ship he almost changed his mind.

2. "That part of it," said he, "was dreadful! Of course we could not walk off the land into the ship; so they were obliged to put strong straps under our bodies, and then we were lifted off our legs, in spite of our struggles, and were swung through the air over the water to the deck of the great vessel.

"There we were placed in small, close stalls, and never for a long time saw the sky or were able to stretch our legs. The ship sometimes rolled about in high winds, and we were knocked about and felt bad enough.

"However, at last it came to an end, and we were hauled up and swung over again to the land; we were very glad and snorted and neighed for joy when we once more felt firm ground under our feet.

3. "We soon found that the country we had come to was very different from our own and that we had many hardships to endure besides the fighting; but many of the men were so fond of their horses that they did everything they could to make them comfortable, in spite of snow, wet, and all things out of order."

"But what about the fighting?" said I. "Was not that worse than anything else?"

"Well," said he, "I hardly know. We always liked to hear the trumpet sound and to be called out, and were impatient to start off, though sometimes we had to stand for hours, waiting for the word of command. When

the word was given we used to spring forward as gayly and eagerly as if there were no cannon balls, bayonets, or bullets.

“I believe so long as we felt our rider firm in the saddle and his hand steady on the bridle not one of us gave way to fear, not even when the terrible bombshells whirled through the air and burst into a thousand pieces.

4. “I, with my noble master, went into many actions together without a wound; and, though I saw horses shot down with bullets, pierced through with lances, and gashed with fearful saber cuts, though we left them dead on the field or dying in the agony of their wounds, I don’t think I feared for myself.

“My master’s cheery voice, as he encouraged his men, made me feel as if he and I could not be killed. I had such perfect trust in him that whilst he was guiding me I was ready to charge up to the very cannon’s mouth.

“I saw many brave men cut down, many fall mortally wounded from their saddles. I had heard the cries and groans of the dying, and frequently had to turn aside to avoid trampling on a wounded man or horse; but until one dreadful day I had never felt terror. That day I shall never forget.”

5. Here old Captain paused for a while and drew a long breath; I waited, and he went on.

“It was one autumn morning, and, as usual, an hour before daybreak our cavalry had turned out, ready for the day’s work, whether it might be fighting or waiting. The men stood by their horses waiting, ready for orders.

“As the light increased there seemed to be some excitement among the officers; and before the day was well begun we heard the firing of the enemy’s guns.

“Then one of the officers rode up and gave the word for the men to mount. In a second every man was in his saddle and every horse stood expecting the touch of the rein or the pressure of his rider’s heels, all animated, all eager.

“We had been trained so well that, except by the champing of our bits and the restive tossing of our heads from time to time, it could not be said that we stirred.

6. “My dear master and I were at the head of the line, and, as all sat motionless and watchful, he said, ‘We shall have a day of it to-day, my beauty; but we’ll do our duty as we have done.’ He stroked my neck that morning more, I think, than he had ever done before,—quietly, on and on, as if he were thinking of something else.

“I loved to feel his hand on my neck and arched my crest proudly and happily; but I stood very still, for I knew all his moods and when he liked me to be quiet and when gay.

“I cannot tell all that happened on that day, but I will tell of the last charge that we made together. It was across a valley right in front of the enemy’s cannon. By this time we were well used to the roar of heavy guns, the rattle of musket fire, and the flying of shot near us; but never had I been under such a fire as we rode through on that day.

7. “From the right, from the left, and from the front shot and shell poured in upon us. Many a brave man went down, many a horse fell, flinging his rider to the earth.

“Many a horse without a rider ran wildly out of the ranks, then, terrified at being alone, with no hand to guide him, came pressing in amongst his old companions, to gallop with them to the charge.

“Fearful as it was, no one stopped, no one turned back. Every moment the ranks were thinned, but as our comrades fell we closed in to keep them together; and, instead of being shaken in our pace, our gallop became faster and faster as we neared the cannon, all clouded in white smoke, while the red fire flashed through it.

8. “My master, my dear master, was cheering on his comrades with his right arm raised on high, when one of the balls, whizzing close to my head, struck him. I felt him stagger with the shock, though he uttered no cry.

“I tried to check my speed, but the sword dropped from his right hand, the rein fell loose from the left, and,

sinking backward from the saddle, he fell to the earth. The other riders swept past us, and by the force of their charge I was driven from the spot where he fell.

“I wanted to keep my place by his side and not leave him under that rush of horses’ feet, but it was in vain; and now, without a master or a friend, I was alone on that great slaughter ground.

“Fear took hold on me, and I trembled as I had never trembled before; and I, too, as I had seen other horses do, tried to join in the ranks and gallop with them. But I was beaten off by the swords of the soldiers.

9. “Just then a soldier, whose horse had been killed under him, caught at my bridle and mounted me; and with this new master I was again going forward. But our gallant company was cruelly overpowered, and those who remained alive after the fierce fight for the guns, came galloping back over the same ground.

“Some of the horses had been so badly wounded that they could scarcely move from the loss of blood; other noble creatures were trying on three legs to drag themselves along. After the battle the wounded men were brought in and the dead were buried.”

“And what about the wounded horses?” I said. “Were they left to die?”

“No; the army farriers went over the field with their pistols and shot all that were ruined. Some that had only

slight wounds were brought back and attended to; but the greater part of the noble, willing creatures that went out that morning never came back! In our stables there was only about one in four that returned.

10. "I never saw my dear master again. I believe he fell dead from the saddle. I never loved my other master so well. I went into many other engagements, but was only once wounded, and then not seriously; and when the war was over I came back again to England, as sound and strong as when I went out."

I said, "I have heard people talk about war as if it was a very fine thing."

"Ah!" said he, "I should think they never saw it. No doubt it is very fine when there is no enemy, when it is just exercise and parade and sham fight. Yes, it is very fine then; but when thousands of good, brave men and horses are killed or crippled for life it has a very different look."

GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION.



A key to the symbols most of which are used in this Reader to indicate the pronunciation of the more difficult words.

I. VOWELS.

<u>ā</u> as in <u>fāte</u>	<u>â</u> as in <u>câre</u>	<u>î</u> as in <u>îdea</u>	<u>ōō</u> as in <u>fōōd</u>
<u>ä</u> “ <u>senāte</u>	<u>ē</u> “ <u>mēte</u>	<u>ī</u> “ <u>īt</u>	<u>ōō</u> “ <u>fōōt</u>
<u>ă</u> “ <u>făt</u>	<u>ĕ</u> “ <u>ĕvent</u>	<u>î</u> “ <u>sîr</u>	<u>ū</u> “ <u>ūse</u>
<u>ä</u> “ <u>ärm</u>	<u>ĕ</u> “ <u>mĕt</u>	<u>ō</u> “ <u>ōld</u>	<u>ū</u> “ <u>ūnite</u>
<u>ā</u> “ <u>all</u>	<u>ē</u> “ <u>hēr</u>	<u>ō</u> “ <u>ōbey</u>	<u>ū</u> “ <u>ūp</u>
<u>ă</u> “ <u>ask</u>	<u>ī</u> “ <u>ice</u>	<u>ō</u> “ <u>nōt</u>	<u>ū</u> “ <u>fūr</u>

II. EQUIVALENTS.

<u>a</u> = <u>ō</u> as in <u>what</u>	<u>o</u> = <u>ōō</u> as in <u>wolf</u>	<u>u</u> = <u>ōō</u> as in <u>pull</u>
<u>ê</u> = <u>â</u> “ <u>thêre</u>	<u>ó</u> = <u>ū</u> “ <u>són</u>	<u>ȳ</u> = <u>ī</u> “ <u>flȳ</u>
<u>ī</u> = <u>ē</u> “ <u>gīrl</u>	<u>ô</u> = <u>ā</u> “ <u>hôrse</u>	<u>ÿ</u> = <u>ī</u> “ <u>babÿ</u>
<u>o</u> = <u>ōō</u> “ <u>move</u>	<u>u</u> = <u>ōō</u> “ <u>rule</u>	

III. CONSONANTS.

Only the most difficult consonants in this Reader are marked with diacritical signs. The following table may prove useful to the teacher for reference and for blackboard work.

<u>ç</u> = <u>s</u> as in <u>miçe</u>	<u>th</u> (unmarked) as in <u>thin</u>
<u>œ</u> or <u>c</u> (unmarked) = <u>k</u> as in <u>eall</u>	<u>ph</u> = <u>f</u> “ <u>phantom</u>
<u>eh</u> = <u>k</u> as in <u>sehool</u>	<u>s</u> = <u>z</u> “ <u>is</u>
<u>ch</u> (unmarked) “ <u>child</u>	<u>z</u> (like <u>s</u> sonant) “ <u>zone</u>
<u>ġ</u> like <u>j</u> “ <u>cāge</u>	<u>qu</u> (unmarked) “ <u>quite</u>
<u>ġ</u> (hard) “ <u>ġĕt</u>	<u>x</u> = <u>gz</u> “ <u>ex<u>act</u></u>
<u>n</u> = <u>ng</u> “ <u>in<u>k</u></u>	<u>x</u> (unmarked) = <u>ks</u> “ <u>v<u>ex</u></u>
<u>th</u> “ <u>thēm</u>	

Certain vowels, as *a* and *e*, when obscured and turned toward the neutral form, are italicized. Silent letters are also italicized.

WORD LIST.

THE following is an alphabetical list of the most difficult words used in this Reader.

Many of the less difficult words that have been used in the previous Readers of the series are omitted.

This list may be made the basis of a great variety of exercises in correct pronunciation, distinct enunciation, rapid spelling, language lessons, and review work.

For an explanation of the diacritical marks, see preceding page.

à bǎn' dóned	ăc tîv' ĭ tỹ	ăg ĭ tǎ' tion (shŭn)
ăb ject'	ăe' tũ <i>al</i> lý	à lăc' rĩ tỹ
ăb rūpt' lý	à dǎpt'	à light' ěd
ăe cępt' anęe	ăd hēr' ent	ăl lūd' ěd
ae' ģĩ dent	ăd' mĩ rǎ ble	ălmş' house
ăc côm' pǎ nĭed	ăd mĩ rǎ' tion	ăl těr' nǎ tĩve
ăc côm' plĩsh	(shŭn)	à mǎze' ment
ăc cōrd' ĩng lý	à dōpt' ěd	ăn' ęes tor (těr)
ăc' cũ rǎte lý	ăd vĕn' tũreş	ăn' guĩsh
ăc cūs' tōmed	ăd' vĕr tĩş ĩng	ăn' ĭ mǎte
à chiève'	ăf firmed'	ăn' nũ <i>al</i> lý
ăck nōw' ědęed	à ghăst'	ăn tĩę' ĭ pǎ tĩve
ăc quāint' anęe	à ģĩl' ĭ tỹ	ăn tique' (tĕk')

anx i' (ǎn zī') è tỹ	au rō' rā	bul' warks (wŭrks)
anx' ious (ǎnk'-	aus tēre'	bur' (bēr') ǐ al
shūs) lỹ	au' thors (thērș)	bush' ělș
à pōl' ô gēt' ǐc al lỹ	à void' ęd	butch' ēr
à pōl' ô gỹ	au tŭm' nal	
ăp pār' ënt lỹ	a' zure (ǎzh' ȳr)	căb' băg ęs
ăp pēar' ançe		căd' dīs
ăp' pē tīte	băl' ançe	căl cŭ lā' tions
ăp plaud'	băl' ladș	(shŭns)
ăp prōached'	bà rouche' (rōōsh')	căl' ǐ cō
ăr bū' tūs	băr rī eāde'	că nā' rỹ
ăr' dent	bāy' ô nēts	căn' nī balș
ăr' tī cle	beaŭ' tē oŭs	căn' nōn
ăr tī fi' cial (fīsh' al)	bē cōm' ینگ	căn' ô pỹ
ăs ęend' ęd	bē guīl' ینگ	cā' pēr ینگ
ăs ęent'	bē hāv' ior (yēr)	căp' ǐ tal
ăs ęēr tain'	běl' lōwș	căp' taīn
à slânt'	bēn' è fīt	căp' tīve
ăs sēm' blāge	bē nēv' ô lent	căr' bīne
ăs sēnts'	bē sēech' ینگ	că rēss'
ăs sēv' ēr ā tēd	bē wīl' dēred	că roușe'
ăs sīst' ançe	bē wītched'	casques (kāsks)
as sur' (à shur') ançe	blōtch' ęs	căt' à răct
ăs tōn' ish ment	bōd' ỹ guārd	căt' è chism (kiș m)
à thwart'	boș' òm	cau' tious (shūs) lỹ
ăt' mōs phēre	bōul' dēr	căv à liēr'
ăt tained'	boul' è vārd	căv' al rỹ man
ăt' tī tūde	brăg' gart (gērt)	ęěl' è brā tēd
au' dī ençe	breech' (brīch') ęs	ęěl' ēr ỹ
au' gērș	brīl' liance (yans)	ęēm' è tēr ỹ

gẽn' tũ rỹ	còm mũ nĩ cā' tion	côr' pò ral
gẽr' taĩn lỹ	(shũn)	cõr rẽ spõnd' ãng
cha let' (shà lã')	còm pãn' ions	cõr' rĩ dõr
chạ/k' ãng	(yũnş)	cõr rõb' ô rã tẽd
chãn' nẽl	còm' pass ẽş	cõs' tũme
chãr' ăc tẽr ãzed	còm plãint'	coughed (cafd)
chãr' gẽr	còm prẽ hẽnd' ẽd	coun' ỹil
chẽer' ã lỹ	còm' rãde	coun' sẽl or (ẽr)
chẽr' ãshed	cõn gẽn' ãng	coun' tẽ nançe
chẽv' ròn	cõn' fĩ dẽn ẵş	cõur ā' gẽoũs
chĩm' neỹ	cõn fĩ dẽn' tial-	cõurs' ãng
chĩv' al rỹ	(shal) lỹ	cõurt' ẽ sỹ
chõc' ô lãtes	cõn fined'	cõv' ẽr lĩds
chõrdş	cõn gẽaled'	cõx' cõmb
chõ' rũs	cõn grãt ã lã' tions	crãn' bẽr rỹ
çĩr cũlã' tion (shũn)	(shũns)	crẽd' ãt ã blỹ
çĩv' ãl ãzed	cõn' jũr ẽr	crĩm' ã nal
clãr' ã fĩed	cõn' quer or (kẽr ẽr)	crĩ' sĩs
clãỹ tõ' nĩ ã	cõn' science (shens)	crĩt' ãc al
clũs' tẽred	cõn' sẽ crãte	crõc' ô dĩle
cõ' cõa nũt	cõn sĩd' ẽr	croõned
cõf' fẽe	cõn sĩgned'	crũĩşe
cõl' lẽge	cõn sõle'	crũtch' ẽş
cõl' liers (yẽrş)	cõn stẽl lã' tion	crỹs' tal lĩze
cõl' ô nĩsts	(shũn)	cũ rĩ õs' ã tỹ
cõl' ored (ẽrd)	cõn' stĩ tũt ãng	cũr' rant
còm' fort (fẽrt) ã ble	cõn tẽmpt'	
còm mẽnç' ãng	cõn' tĩ nent	đãf' fõ dĩl
còm mĩs' sion-	cõn vey' (vã') ançe	đãĩn' tĩ lỹ
(shũn) ẽrş	cõn vũl' sĩve	đãn' gẽr õũs

däunt' lëss lý	dīs ā' bled	ě cǫn' ồ mỷ
dē bauch'	dīs à grēe' à ble	ěe' stà sỷ
děbt' ors (ěrs)	dīs cǫn těnt' ęd	ęd' dỷ ỉng
dēc là rā' tion	dīs couř' ăged	ęd ũ cā' tion (shũn)
(shũn)	dīs cŭss' ỉng	ề lăb' ồ râte
dēc' ồ rā tęd	dīs ỉn clined'	ē lăs tịc' ỉ tỷ
dęd ỉ cā' tion	dīs mount' ęd	ěl' ề gant
(shũn)	dīs pōsed'	ěl' ề męnt
dē grād' ęd	dīs pō sỷ' tion	ěl' ề phants
dē lib' ểr ătt ỉng	(shũn)	ěl' ồ quent
děl' ỉ cậte	dīs' sỷ pā tęd	ểm bẻl' lỉsh ểs
dē lỷ' cious (shŭs)	dīs sŭlved'	ề mẻrged'
dē' mỗns	dīs tinct' lý	ểm' ỉ nençe
dē scënd' ant	dīs tĩn' guished	ề mỉt'
dē scrỷ'	dỉ vẻr' sỷ fied	ề mỗ' tion (shũn)
dē sỷgn'	dỉ vỉd' ęd	ểmp' tied
dẻs' ỉg nā tęd	dỉ vỉne'	ển ăm' ored (ểrd)
dẻs' ồ lâte	dồ mẻs' tịc	ển cẩmped'
dẻs pẻr ā' tion	douỷb' lẻts	ển ợỉr' cled
(shũn)	drà goon'	ển couỷr' ăg ỉng lý
dē spỉsed'	drăp' ểr ỷ	ển dăn' ợẻr
dẻs tỉ nă' tion	draught (drăft)	ển dẻar' ments
(shũn)	drẻar' ỷ	ển dẻav' or (ểr)
dẻ tẻr' mỉned	drows' (drouz') ỷ	ển' ểr ợỉes
dẻx tẻr' ỉ tỷ	drỷ' ăd	ề nờ' mỗus
dỉ' à logue	dũ' bỉ ous lý	ển rỏlled'
dỉc' tion (shũn) ă rỷ	dwarf	ển' tẻr prỉse
dỉf' fỉ cŭl tỷ	ēa' gẻr lý	ển thũ' sỷ ăsm
dỉg' nỉ fied	ēa' glẻt	ển trẩnçed'
dỉ mỉn' ỉsh		ển trẻat' ęd

ê quā' tor (těr)	fâir' ĭ lý	fré quënt' ěd
ê quipped'	fa' eon	frē' quent lý
ēs cāpe'	fa' těr ĩng	fū' něr al
ēs cōrt' ěd	fā mīl' ĭ ăr ĭ tỹ	fûr' lōng
ēs pe' cial (pěsh'- al) lý	fār' rĩ ěrş	
ēs tăb' lish ments	fā tăl' ĭ tỹ	gā' bleş
ê těr' nĩ tỹ	făth' òm	găm' bōl ĩng
ê văp' ô rā tēd	fā tighed' (tēgd)	găr' rēt
ê vënt' ful	faun	gauz' ỹ
ěv' ĭ dent lý	fā vor (věr) à ble	gèn ěr ā' tions
ěx ăct' lý	fā vor (věr) ĩte	(shũnş)
ěx ăm' ĩned	fěath' ěr ỹ	gèn' ěr ous
ěx ăm' ple	feigned (fānd)	gēn' ius (yūs)
ěx ęēd' ĩng lý	fěl' òn	gēn' ũ ĩne
ěx' ęěl lent	fěr' tīle	gē ōg' rā phỹ
ěx ęēs'	fiēnd' ĩsh	gēs' tūre
ěx clāimed'	fīg' tūre	ghăst' lý
ěx clūd' ěd	fis' sures (fīsh' urş)	gĩ găn' tīc
ěx cūr' sions	floun' dēred	glīs' tened
(shũnş)	floūr' ĩsh	gnawed
ěx ê cū' tion (shũn)	flūt' těr ĩng	gòv' ěr n ment
ěx haust' ěd	fō' lĩ âge	grăd' ũ al lý
ěx' ĭ ģen ęỹ	fōr' âge	grăd ũ ā' tion
ěxpēdĩ'tion (shũn)	fōr' eĩgn	(shũn)
ěx pěr' ĭ ment	fōre' lōck	grăt' ĭ tūde
ěx plā nā' tion	fōr' tũ năte	grăv' ĭ tỹ
(shũn)	foun' dēred	grēen' sward
ěx' quĩ şīte lý	frăc' tūre	grew' (gru) sōme
ěx' trĩ cāte	frā' grănçe	grĩz' zled
	frănes	grō' ęēr ĩeş

grösch' en
guärd' i an
gÿp' sÿ

hăg' gard (gërd)
hănd' kër chîef
hă răngu' ing

här' mô nÿ
hăth' êts

haunt' ing

hëath' êr

hëav' en lÿ

hëm' löck

hër' it âge

hër' mit âge

hê rō' ic

hēs i tã' tion (shŭn)

hîd' ê ous

hîs tō' rî an

hōarse

hōl' i dāy

hōn' ored (ërd)

hōrde

hō rî' zōn

hōs' pî tã ble

hōs' tël

hōv' êr ing

hÿp' ô crîte

īçē' bērgs

ī dēn' tî tÿ

ī' dÿls

īg' nô rançe

il lū' mîned

īm' âge

īm' âg i nā' tion

(shŭn)

īm' i tât ing

īm mē' dî âte lÿ

īm mēnse'

īm pās' sîve lÿ

īm pā' tient (shent)

īm' plē ments

īm plîes'

īm plōr' ing

īm pôr' tant

īm pres' sion

(prēsh' ūn)

īm' pū dençe

in ān' i mâte

in au' gū ral

in çēs' sant lÿ

in cōn çēiv' à ble

in cōn sîd' êr âte

in cōr rūpt' i ble

in crēased'

in dē pēnd' ençe

in dîf' fēr ent

in dîg' nant

in dîs tînet'

in dî vîd' ū al

in dūçed'

in dūlg' ing

in dūs' trî ous

in' fã moūs

in fē' rî or (ër)

in' fî nîte lÿ

in' flû ençe

in fōr mā' tion

(shŭn)

in gūlf'

in hăb' it êd

in hër' it

in' nô çençe

in nū' mēr à ble

in quîr' ing lÿ

in quîs' i tîve

in spîred'

in strūct'

in sūr' gents

in tël' lî gence

in tēn' sî tÿ

in' tēr êst

in tēr' mî nã ble

in tēr rōg' à tîve lÿ

in tēr rūpt'

in tîm' i dâte

in tōned'

in trîn' sîc

in trō dūçed'

in tū' i tîve lÿ

in' và lĩd
in vā' rĩ à blỹ
in vōl' ũn tǎ rỹ
ĩr' rĩ tǎ ble
ĩ' ṣĩn glǎss
ĩs' land

jār' gōn
jäun' tỹ
jēop' ard (ērd) ỹ
jōũr' neỹ
jō' vĩ al
joy' oũs
jūn' ior (yěr)

knap' sǎck
knōl
kō' bōldṣ

lā' bor (bēr) ēr
lānd' scāpe
lān' guage
(gwāj)
lān' guid (gwĩd)
lā pēl'
lāp' pēs
lāps' ēṣ
lāt' tĩęe
lau' rē āte

lēaguẹ
lēi' sure (zhũr)
lēv' ēled
līb' ēr tỹ
liēge' man
lĩn' ẽn
li' quor (lĩk' ēr)
līt' ēr al
līt' ēr ā rỹ
lĩthe
lōach' ēs
lũl' là bĩeṣ
lũrk' ĩng
lũs' tĩ lý

mǎg à zine' (zēn)
mǎg nĩ' ĩ ęent
māin tāin'
mǎ jēs' tĩc
mǎ lĩg' nĩ tỹ
mǎn' sion (shũn)
mǎn ũ fǎc' tũre
mǎn' ũ script
mār' gĩn
mār' ĩ nērṣ
mār' vėl oũs
māt ĩ nee' (nā)
māt' trēṣs ēṣ
mǎ tũr' ēr
mauve

mēl' ǎn ehōl ỹ
mēl' ô dỹ
mē mō' rĩ al
mēr' ęē nǎ rỹ
mēre' lý
mēs' sēn ęēr
miēn
mĩl' ĩ tǎ rỹ
mĩn' strėl sỹ
mĩn ũ ęt'
mĩ nũte'
mĩr' à ele
mĩs chĩef
mĩs' chiē voũs
mĩṣ' ēr à ble
mōc' cǎ sĩn
mōd ĩ fĩ cǎ' tion
(shũn)
mōn' arch (ǎrk)
mōn' stroũs
mōn' ũ ment
mũl' tĩ tũdes
mũr' dēr oũs
mũr' mũr ĩng
mũ sē' ũm
mũ' ṣĩc al
mũṣ' ĩng lý
mũs' kēt rỹ
mũs tache' (tǎsh)
mỹs' tēr ỹ

na' tion al	păç' ĭ fȳ	phi' al (fi' al)
(năsh' ũn al)	păğ' eant	phrășe
năt' ũ ral	păl' âç ăș	pĭ' gēon
nēc' ęs sâ rȳ	păl ĭ sâde'	pĭl' grĭm âge
nęg lēc' ęd	păl' lor (lěr)	pĭl' lăged
neigh' bors	păm' phlěts	pĭn' ion (yŭn)
(nā' běrș)	păn' tō mĭme	pĭ ô nēer'
neighed (nād)	pā rāde'	pĭr ou ęt' tĭng
neph' ew (nėf' ũ)	păr' â dĭse	pĭt' ẽ ouș
nės' tled	pā răl' ȳ sĭs	pĭth' ȳ
nĭche	păr' â lȳzed	plăç' ĭd
	păr' rōts	plăid
ô bliğed'	păr tĭç' ĭ pā ted	plŭme
ôb scŭre'	pās' tŭr âge	pô ęt' ĭc al
ôb șer vā' tions	pā thět' ĭc	pô lĭte' lȳ
(shŭnș)	pā' thōs	pōp ũ lăr' ĭ tȳ
ôe eā' sion (zhŭn)-	pā' tience (shens)	pōr tĕnt' ouș
al lȳ	pā trĭ ôt' ĭc	pōr' trăit
ôe eŭr' ren çes	păt' rōn ĭz ĭng	pōș' ĭ tĭve lȳ
ôf' fĭ çěrș	pēa' cōck	pōș șĕssed'
ôffĭ cial (fĭsh' al) lȳ	pē cŭl iar' (yăr) ĭ tȳ	pōst' scrĭpt
ôp pōr tŭ' nĭ tȳ	pĕn' al tȳ	pō tā' tōeș
ôp' pō șĭte	pĕn' ẽ trā tĕd	prăe' tĭçe
ôp prĕssed'	pĕn' sion (shŭn) ęrs	prayers (prârș)
ôr' ang (ĕnj) ăș	pĕr çēived'	pre' cious (prĕsh'-
ô rā' tion (shŭn)	pĕr' fŭme	ūs)
ôr' ches (kĕs) trā	pĕr pĕt' ũ al lȳ	prēc' ĭ pĭçe
ô rĭğ' ĭ nal	pĕr plĕx' ĭ tȳ	prĕ dĭc' â ment
ou' șel	pĕr sĕ vēr' ançe	prĕj' ũ dĭçe
oys' tĕr	pĕr' sōn âğ ăș	prĕ pōș' ĭ tor (tĕr)

prēs' ěnt lý
pres' sure (prěsh'-
ur)

prē vāiled'
prē' vī ous lý
prīn' ģi ple
prīv' ģi lēg ěs
prō ģēd' ģngs
prō ces' sion
(sěsh' ūn)

prō clāim'
prō dī' ģioūs
prōm' ģi nent
prōmpt' lý
prōv' ģnce
pūb lī cā' tion
(shŭn)

pūb' lished
pūn' cheōns
pū' pīl
pūr' ple
pŷre

quar' (kwōr) rēl
quī' ě tūde
quīv' ěred
quō tā' tion (shŭn)

rā' dī ant
rāi' ment

rāi' sŭns
rā pīd' ģi tŷ
rāp' tūre
rā vine' (vēn)
rē āc' tion (shŭn)
rē āl' ģi tŷ
rē al ģi zā' tion
(shŭn)

rē' al īzed
rē āp pēared'
rē būke'
rē cāp' tūre
rē ģēd' ģng
rē' ģent lý
rē ģēp' tion (shŭn)
rēc' ōg nīzed
rēc' ōl lēc' tions
(shŭns)

rēc' ōn ģiled
rēc' tō rŷ
rēf' ū ģēe
rēg' ģi ment
rēg' ū lar (lēr)
rē hēars' āl
rein' (rān) dēer
rē joiċ' ģng
rē joined'
rē lā' tion (shŭn)
rēl' ģes
rē lī' ģioūs

rē lūc' tant
rē mārķ' ā ble
rē mōd' ěled
rēp rē sēnts'
rē prōach' fūl lý
rē pūlsed'
rēs' cū ģng
rē sēm' bled
rēs' ō lū' tion (shŭn)
rē sōunds'
rē spēct' ā ble
rē spēct' fūl
rēs pīrā' tion (shŭn)
rēs ūr rēc' tion (shŭn)
rēv ě lā' tion
(shŭn)

rēv' ěls
rēv' ěr enċe
rēv' ěr ent lý
rē vīv' al
rē vīved'
rīb' bōns
rī dīc' ū loūs
rīg' or (ēr)
rīng' lēts
rō būst'
rōgu' ģsh lý
rō mǎn' tīc
ru' bī cūnd
rūd' dī nēss

sā' crēd
 sāl' à rỹ
 sāl ũ tā' tion
 (shŭn)
 sà lūte'
 sǎn' dals̄
 scald' ěd
 scām' pēr ing
 scârçe' lý
 scārf
 scēp' tēr
 sehōon' ěr
 scīs' sors (zērs̄)
 scowl (scoul)
 scrēech' ing
 scēthe
 sēared
 sēdg' ỹ
 sēiz' ing
 sēm ĩ çir' cū lar
 (lěr)
 sēn sǎ' tion (shŭn)
 sēn' sī tīve
 sēn' trỹ
 sē' rī ous lý
 shāt' tēr ing
 shawl
 shēathes̄
 shēer
 shēp' hērd

shēr' ĩff
 shiēld
 shiv' ěr ing
 shōul' dērs̄
 shrüg' gīng
 sig' nī fỹ
 sīn' ew (ũ) ỹ
 sīn' gū lar (lěr)
 sīn' ĩs tēr
 sīt ũ ā' tion (shŭn)
 skew' (skū) ěr
 slaugh' tēr
 smōth' ěr
 sōl' dier (jēr)
 sōl' ĩ tā rỹ
 sōl' ĩ tūde
 sōr' rēl
 soūs̄
 sōv' ěr cīgn
 spēc' tā clēs̄
 spīr' ĩt ũ al
 splīn' tēred
 spōn tā' nē ous
 spōrt' ĩve
 spūrned
 squad (skwōd)
 squall
 squirm' ing
 squīr' rēls̄
 stalks

stār vā' tion (shŭn)
 stī' fled
 stīr' rūp
 stōm' aeh
 style
 sūb lime' lý
 sūb mis' sion
 (mīsh' ũn)
 sūb scrīp' tion
 (shŭn)
 sūb' sē quent
 sūb sīd' ěd
 sūe çess' ful
 sūf fiçe'
 sūf fi' cient (fīsh'-
 ent)
 sūf' fō cāt ing
 sūg gēst' ěd
 sūr' fāçe
 sūr' gēon
 sūr prīse'
 sūr vey' (vā)
 sūs pēct' ěd
 swath' ing
 swōop
 s̄ylph
 s̄ym' bōl ĩz ěs̄
 s̄ym' pā thīzed
 s̄ym' pā thỹ
 s̄yr' ũp

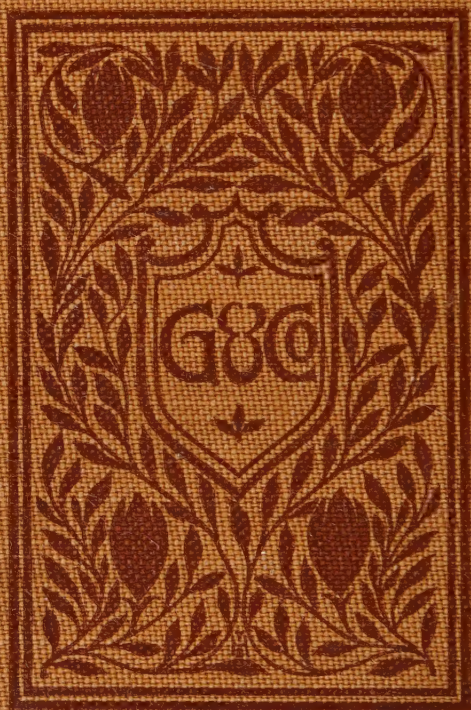
tăç ĭ tûr' nĩ tỹ	trĩ' ũmph (ũmf)	vẽn' tũre sòmẽ
tăl' ent	trō' phĩeş	věr' dĩet
taunt	tũ mũl' tũ ous lỹ	věr' dũre
tẽn' dẽr lỹ	tũr' moil	věr sĩ fĩ cã' tion
tẽr rĩf' ĩc	twĩ' light	(shũn)
tẽr' rĩ fĩed	twĩnge	vic' tual (vĩt' l)
thã' lẽr	tỹr' an nỹ	view' (vũ) lẽss
thatched		vĩg' ĩl
thẽ' à tẽr	ũn à void' à ble	vĩ' ô lent
thẽr mỗm' ẽ tẽr	ũn cõn' scious	vĩş' ĩ ble
thĩck' ẽt	(shũs)	vis' ion (vĩzh' ũn)
thĩeves	ũn couth'	vĩ' tal
thĩm' bled	ũn dẽ filed'	vĩv' ĩd
thor' (thũr) ough lỹ	ũn dẽr mĩne'	võl' tũme
thrẽsh' old	ũn' dũ lãt ĩng	voy' àg ẽş
thrõng	ũ' nĩ fõrm	
thrũsh' ẽs	ũ' nĩ vẽrse	wã' gẽr
tĩ mĩd' ĩ tỹ	ũn mĩs tãk' à ble	wãist' cõats
tỏ bãc' cỏ	ũn pỏp' tũ lar (lẽr)	war' fãre
tỏ mã' tỏeş	ũn spẽak' à ble	war' rant
tỏr' rent	ũn ũ' su (zhũ) al	war' rior (yẽr)
tour' ists	ũn wẽa' rĩed lỹ	wẽap' ỏnş
trãn quĩl' lĩ tỹ	ũr' chĩn	wẽa' rĩ ẽr
trãns fõrmed'		wẽa' şel
trãns pãr' ent	vã' eant lỹ	wẽath' ẽr
trãv' ẽl ẽrş	vãl' tũ à ble	wẽir
trẽa' cle	vã' pors (pẽrş)	wẽird
treas' (trẽzh) tũreş	vã' rĩ ous	whẽr' rỹ
trẽl' lĩs	vã' rỹ ĩng	wĩeld
trẽ mẽn' doũs	vẽn' ẽr à ble	wĩm' ple

wīr' ỹ	worst' (wust) ęd	wrought (rät)
wīst' ful lỹ	wrăpped	yeō' men
wòn' dēr ful	wrăth	yiēld
wòn' droūs	wrēaths	
wol' lēn	wrink' līng	zē' nīth

PROPER NAMES.

Ān' tō nỹ	Cru' sōe	Īs' rà ěl
Bāy' ard	Děv' on shīre	Jäck' à nāpes
Bēn ō' nī	Di' (dē) ăz	Jēs' sà mīne
Bēth' lē hēm	Di e' go (Dē ā' gō)	Jew' (jū) īsh
Björnst' jerne	Di' (dē) mas	Jō sī' àh
(Bē yörnst' yērn)	Ēd' in burgh	Jū' an
Björn' son	(būr rô)	Jū lī ān' à
(Bē yörn' son)	Eū gēne'	Jū' nī pēr
Bōw' doīn	Ew' (ū) īng	Lā fāy ętte'
Brī' tain	Gāl' à hăd	Lānnes
Būr goyne'	Ġeof' frỹ	Lē ō nō' rà
Bū trā' gō	Ġēt' tỹs būrg	Līn' cōln
Bỹsshe	Ġīl' pīn	Lou' īs
Cāine	Haw' thōrne	Lōwe' stōft
Căp' rī cōrn	Hō rā' ti (shī) à	Lỹd' ī à
Căr nōt'	Hūgh	Măd à găs' car
Chăt' ham	Hūns' dōn	Măr' mī ōn
Cō lūm' būs		

Mō' haw _k	Pē' ô nŷ	Spōf' ford (fěrd)
Mōn trē a _l '	Phelps (Fělps)	Sprāgue
Mō zam bique' (bēk)	Pōr' tũ gal	Stōck' hōlm
	Quē bēc'	Swē' den
Nâ ô' mī		Těn' nŷ son
Nâ pō' lê ōn	Ra _a ' leigh	Tět u (ōō) än'
Nâ thăn' ĩ ěl	Răt' ĩ ₁ bon	Thū rĭn' ġĩ an
Nĭeh' ô las	Rōs ₁ ' à liē	Trĭn' ĩ tŷ
		Tũl' lĩ věr
Ōt' tō	Seāpe' gōat	
	Sew' (sū) all	Wěst mĭn' ster
Pālm' ěr	Sòm' ěr ₁ bŷ	Worces' (wōōs) těr



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